The Sweet-tong'd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y^t, which his owne pensil drew
The Poet, in his deathless Poems, view.

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OVID
DE
ARTE AMANDI,
And the
REMEDY of LOVE
ENGLISHED.
As also the Loves of
Hero & Leander,
A mock POEM:
Together with Choice Poems, and Rare Pieces of Drollery.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCLXXXII.

OVID

DE

ARTE AMANDI;

And the

REMEDY of LOVE.

LONDON

PUBLII OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI: OR THE ART of LOVE.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this Multitude,
That in the art of Love is dull and rude,
He let him Read, and these my Lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my Verse.
By art of Sails and Oars, Seas are divided,
By art the Chariot runs, by art love's guided;
By art the bridle's reign'd in, or let slip:
Tiphys by art did guide th' *Hæmonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me along
Love's expert *Tiphys* and *Automedon*.
Love in himself is apish and untoward,
Yet being a Child, I'le whip him when he's froward.
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the string'd Lute a sweet division,

By old *Phillirides*, who by his skill
To his fierce nature mildness did instil.
Of him that oft his friends, and oft his foes
Made quake, a weak old man could well dispose.
His furious rage was known to be a Suitor,
And with submission kneel, unto his Tutor.
Æacides by *Chiron* was instructed;
And by my art is Love himself conducted.
Both goddess sons, *Venus* and *Thetis* joys,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and unhappy boys.
Yet the stiff Bulls neck by thy Yoke is worn,
The proud Steed chews the Bit which he doth scorn
And though Loves darts my own heart cleaves asun
Yet by my art the Wag shall be kept under, (de
And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
The more I will revenge me of my wound.
Sacred *Apollo* witness of my flame,
Behold thy arts I do not falsly claime,
Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen,
Whilst feeding sheep in *Ascra*'s valleys green.
Proud Sky, I teach of what I have been taster,
Love bids me speak, I'le be your skilful Master.
And what I speak is true: thus I begin,
Be present at my labours, Love's fair Queen.

Keep hence you modest Maids and come not nea
That use to blush, and shamefast garments wear,
That have scant ruffs, and keep your hair unseen,
Whose feet with your white Aprons covered been.
For *Vesta*'s Virgins here no place is left;
My Muse sings *Venus* spoils and Love's sweet theft;
What kind affections Lovers thoughts do pierce,
And there shall be no fault in this my Verse.

THE FIRST BOOK.

FIrſt, thou that art a Freſh-man and art bent
To bear Loves armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to love: the next thing thou muſt do,
Learn how to ſpeak her fair, to plead & woe:
Laſt, having won thy Miſtriſs to thy lure,
I'le teach thee how to make that Love endure:
This is my aim, I'le keep within this ſpace,
And in this Road my Chariot wheel ſhall trace.
Whilſt thou liv'ſt free and art a Batchelor,
The love of one above the reſt prefer:
To whom thy ſoul ſays, You alone content me;
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heaven be ſent thee,
Such are not dropt down from the Azure skies,
But thou muſt ſeek her out with buſie eyes.
Well knows the Hunt-man where his toyl to ſet,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet:
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gins:
The Fither knows what poole moſt fiſh are in:
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a Lover,
Learn in what place moſt Virgins to diſcover.
I do not bid thee ſail the Seas, to ſeek,
Or travel far to find one thou doſt like;

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negrots* sought,
And fair *Andromeda* from *India* brought;
Or *Paris*, who to steal that dainty piece,
Travell'd as far as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*.
Behold, this populous City in her pride
Yields thee more choice than all the world beside:
More Ears of ripe Corn grow not in the fields,
Nor half so many Boughs the Forest yields;
So many green Leaves grow not in the woods,
Nor swim so many fish in the salt floods;
So many Stars in Heaven you cannot see,
As there be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Fair *Venus* in the City of her Son
Is honoured, which *Æneas* first begun.
If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
More Virgins th u maiest see than can be told.
If women of indifferent age will ease thee,
Amongst a thousand thou mayst choose to please thee.
If ancient women, in the City be,
Matrons admired for their gravity:
To find a Matron, Widow, or young Maid,
Walk but at such time under *Pompey*'s shade,
When as the Sun mounts on the *Lyon*'s back,
And store of all degrees thou shalt not lack;
Or to that Marble walk which was begun,
And ended by a Mother and her Son.
Abroad, at noon, betimes, or evening late,
That day which we to *Luna* consecrate;
Or to the fifty sisters *Belus* Daughters,
That all save one made of their Husbands slaughters.
Or that same Holy-day we yearly keep,
In which fair *Venus* doth for *Adon* weep;
Or in the seventh day sacred more than all,
Which the *Jews* Nation do their Sabbath call:

Or to the *Memphian* Church, where many a Vow,
Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her Cow;
Or to the Market-place which way is short;
Women of all estates do there resort.
Repair else to the pulpits, even the same
In which our learned Orators declame;
Here often is the Pleaders tongue struck dumb
By those attractive eyes that thither come.
There he to whom anothers cause is known,
Speaking of that, wants words to plead his own.
Venus rejoycing smiles to see from far
The Lawyer made a Client at the Bar.
But most of all I would advise thee stir
At the Play time unto the Theater,
Where thou shalt find them thick in a great number,
The matted seats, and the degrees to cumber.
Amongst that goodly crew thou mayst behold
Whom thou both lov'st, fuest to, & fain would hold.
Look as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heavy burdens trooping go;
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flye,
Bearing each one her honey on her thigh,
And round about the spacious fields do stray:
So do the fairest women to a play,
That I have wondred how it could include
Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
There many a Captive look hath conquered been;
Thither they come to see men and be seen.
Great *Romulus*, thou first these plays contrives,
To get thy widowed Souldiers *Sabine* wives.
In those days from the Marble hous did wave,
No sail, no silken flag, no Ensign brave:
The tragick Stage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed colours tempered:

Then did the Scene want art, the homely stage
Was made of Grass and Earth in that rude age:
Round about which the boughs were duskily placed,
The people did not think themselves disgraced
Of tough and heathy sods to have their seats,
Made in degrees of sods and massy peats.
Thus plac'd in order, every *Roman* spi'd
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her side
Sat him down close, and severally did move
The innocent *Sabine* women to their love.
And whilst the Piper *Thuscus* rudely plaid,
And by his stamping with his foot had made
A sign unto the rest, there was a shout,
Whose shrill report pierc't all the air about.
Now with a sign of rape given from the King,
Round through the house the lusty *Romans* fling,
Leaving no corner of the same unsought,
Till every one a frighted Virgin caught.
Look as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lamb when he a Wolf espies:
So run these poor girls, filling the air with shrieks,
Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks.
One fear possest them all, but not one look;
This tears her hair, she hath her wits forsook:
Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,
Some chafe, some fly, some stand, but frighted all:
Thus were the ravisht *Sabines* blushing led,
Becoming shame unto each *Roman*'s bed.
If any striv'd against it, straight her man
Would take her on his knee, whom fear made wan.
And say, Why weep'st thou sweet, what ailst my dear?
Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow clear;
He be to thee, if thou thy grief wilt smother,
Such as thy Father was unto thy Mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his Souldiers pleaſe,
To give them ſuch fair Miſtriſſes as theſe.
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt give to me,
Great *Romulus*, thy Souldier I will be.
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath been
Even like a trap to take fair Wenches in.
Frequent the Tilt-yard, for there oft-times are
Cluſters of people thronging at the Barr:
Thou ſhalt not need there with thy fingers beckon;
Of winking ſigns, or cloſe nods do not reckon;
But where thy miſtriſs ſits, do thou abide:
If thou canſt not approach cloſe to her ſide,
As near as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelf be ſet:
If thou beeſt mute and baſhful, I will teach
How to begin and break the Ice of ſpeech:
Ask whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide him
Whence came he; if he well or ill did ride him?
Which in the courſe of Barries beſt did do?
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou favour too.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit,
Applaud fair *Venus*, with thy Miſtriſs hand it.
If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Look with thy ready hand thou brush it all.
And though none fall, yet look that without ſcoff
Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty,
None can be too ſervile unto a beauty.
If her looſe garments hang down, that the skirt
Lick up the duſt, or fall into the dirt;
Officious be to lift it up again,
And from the fluttiſh earth to bear her train.
Haply thy duty may ſo rewarded be,
That thou her foot or well ſhapt Leg maiſt ſee.

Beware

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,
Or with his hard knees or his elbows brush her.
Small favours womens light thoughts captivate,
And many in their loves make fortunate:
Softning a cushion, fanning the fresh air,
Or to her weary foot adding a stair;
Such diligence and duty often proves
Great furtherance to many in their loves.
Within these Lists hath *Cupid* battel sounded;
Who others wounded saw, he has been wounded:
As careless of himself he pries about.
To know which conquers of the Champions stout;
He feels himself pierc't with a flying Dart,
And wounded sore, complains him of his heart.
Oh what assembly did there come to see
Great *Cæsar* stand in all his Royalty;
Praising his prizes in their shouts and skips,
Took in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships!
From both sides of the Sea, young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
Then was the City throng'd; who could not find
In that fair Crew a Saint to please his mind
Oh Gods! How many did kind fancy drive
Strangers to us, us unto them to wive?
Behold great *Cæsar* through the whole world famed
Will add unto the Nations he hath tamed
The eastern Kingdoms hereto over-past,
And they of all his conquests shall be last.
See where a stout Revenger comes in Arms,
Whose haughty breast the flower of Honour warms;
That being but a Child leads war in chains,
But more, than Children can, by war constrains.
Cease now to reckon up the Hero's years,
For *Cæsars* valour in his youth appears.

The

The wiſdom which might well become the aged,
Shall in the ſelf ſame rank be equipaged:
That all the world may wonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe wit and ſo quaint a tongue.
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers
Such was his inſtant ſtrength, who 'twixt his fingers:
Cruſht two invenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
What would he do being mounted on the Sadle?
As great as *Bacchus* when his years yet green,
Was in his power among the *Indies* ſeen:
Cæſar is heir unto his Fathers ſpirit,
And his fore-Fathers vertues does inherit,
With their auſpicious fortune proudly dight,
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight.
Such be the fates, and great muſt be his fame
That ſhall wage battel under *Cæſars* name.
Live ſtill thou youth of young men being King,
When old, then old men ſhall thy praiſes ſing.
Revenge thy wronged Brothers, thy dead Father,
And to the Wars millions of people gather,
Thy Father, and thy Countries father too,
Put thee in arms 'gainſt thy inſulting foe.
Thou bear'ſt Religious arms, ſo doth not he;
Wrong leads him forth, but Juſtice fights for thee.
Behold the *Parthians* are already ſlain,
The Eaſt yields Homage to the *Latine* train.
Cæſar and *Mars*, both Gods, his Fathers both,
Make proſperous his journey, now he goeth;
I propheſie his Conqueſt, and his praiſe
In a rich ſtile unto the Heavens I le raiſe.
With my field words ſhe ſhall his Army chear,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhall enchant each ear,
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoot, as flying their foes charge:

And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
In vain poor *Parthian* Souldier thou dost fight.
Mars the great God of arms forsake thy Drum,
In vain thou hop'st by flight to overcome.
In one day shalt thou, fairest of all things,
Be deckt with Gold, attended on by Kings:
And drawn along by four white snowy Steeds,
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds:
The whilst thy troops of Souldiers round invirons,
The Captain of the enemy bound with Irons:
Giving their legs to keep them from the flight,
Which they before did practise in their fight.
The joyful young men mingled with sweet Lasses,
Will croud and press to see him as he passes;
And now being met, no sweet occasion balk,
Make speech of any thing to enter talk:
Though Ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take upon thee to explain each show.
As thus, That's *Euphrates* that first proceeds,
Having her head bound with a wreath of Reeds;
Call the next *Tigris* with her hair all blue:
Maids may be flattered, to think feign'd things true.
Say this presents *Armenia*, *Persia* she,
In the next place let *Achemnis* be.
That man's a conqueror, captives they that tremble,
Speak truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
Thence if you go to banquet and sit down
To taste sweet Viands and to drink a round,
There may thy thoughts unto my art incline,
Observing love more than the Crimson Wine.
Cupid himself, always inur'd to rapes,
Hath with his own white hand prest *Bacchus* grapes
Until his wings with sprinkled wine made wet,
He heavy lies, and sleeps where he is set.

The dew from off his feathers soon he shakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry air takes;
But from his breast so soon he cannot drive
Love sprinkled there, though never so much he strives.
Wine doth prepare the spirits, heats the brain hot,
Expels deep cares, makes sorrows quite forgot;
Moves mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man proud,
And not remembring need to laugh aloud;
Sets ope the thoughts, and craftiness doth banish,
Rejecteth art; and at wines sight woes vanish.
In wine hath many a young mans heart been took,
And born away in a fair Wenches look;
In Wine is lust and rankness of desire;
Joyn Wine and Love, and you add fire to fire.
Choose not a face by Torch-light, but by day,
Only gross faults such splendors can bewray.
Trust no made lights, they will deceive thine eye;
Thou canst not judge by Torch-light, nor in wy —.
At the broad Noon-tide when the Sun shin'd rarest,
Did *Paris* say to *Helen*, thou art fairest.
The night hides faults, the midnight hour is blind,
And no mishap't deformity can find.
Stones and dy'd Scarlet by the day we chuse:
The broad day and bright Sun in beauty use.
Sometimes unto those places task thy feet,
Where the fair Forest Huntresses do meet
In number more than Sea-sands; else prepare
To the warm Bathes, where many a female are;
There some or other hurt by *Cupids* stroke,
Where troubled waters with warm Brimstone smoke,
Mistakes the wounds cause, and exclaiming raves,
Not blaming Love, but those unwholsome waves.
See where *Diana's* grovy Temple stands,
Where Kingdoms have been won by slaughtering

Because

Because she *Cupid* loaths and lives chast still,
Much people she hath slain and much shall kill.
Thus far my muse hath sung in divers strains,
Where thou maiest find fit place to set thy trains.
My next endeavour is to lay the ground,
To archieve and win the Mistris thou hast found.
Be prompt and apt, you that shall read my lines,
And use attention to their disciplines.
The first strict precept I enjoyn your sence,
Needful to be observ'd, is confidence:
Be confident, thy suit being once begun,
And build on this, they all are to be won.
First shall the birds that welcome in the spring,
All mute and dumb for ever cease to sing:
The Summer Ants leave their industrious pains,
And from their full mouths cast their loaded gains;
The swift *Menalian* hounds that chasing are,
Shall frighted run back from the trembling hare,
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee,
Poor Fool, shall have the hard heart to deny thee.
Stolen pleasure, which to men is never hateful,
To women is now and at all times ever grateful.
The difference is, a Maid her love will cover,
Men are more impudent and publick lovers:
'Tis meet we men should ask the question still,
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers strength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull she through the field will bellow.
The Mare neighs after the couragious Steed,
But humane Lust doth not so much exceed.
Our flame hath lawful bounds, keeps time and season,
Nor bestial made like theirs, but mixt with reason.
Should I of *Byblis* speak, whose hot desire
Doth to her Brothers lawless bed aspire?

And

And when the inceſtuous deed ſhe well ſuſpendeth,
With reſolution her ſweet life ſhe endeth.
Myrrha the love of her own Father ſought,
Affecting him but not as daughters ought:
Her body in a trees rough rinde appears;
And with her ſweet and odoriferous tears
Our bodies we perfume; theſe are the ſame,
Myrrh of this Miſtris *Myrrha* bears the name.
In *Ida* of tall trees and Cedars full,
There fed the glory of the Herd, a Bull, (grew,
Snow white, ſave 'twixt his horns one ſpot there
Save that one ſtain he was of Milky hew.
This Bullock did the Heifers of the groves
Deſire to bear as Prince of all their droves.
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath
Envies the lovely Heifers to the death:
I ſpeak known truth, this cannot *Crete* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on high.
'Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſs
Did uſe to top freſh boughs, and the young graſs;
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queen afeard,
To grow a kind companion to the heard:
Thus through the Campaign ſhe is madly born,
And a wild Bull to *Minos* gives the horn.
'Tis not for bravery he doth love or loath thee,
Then why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloath thee?
Why doſt thou thus thy face and looks prepare,
What mak'ſt thou with thy glaſs ordering thy hair?
Unleſs thy glaſs could make thee ſeem a Cow,
And how can horns grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeek thee,
Or if thy Husband *Minos* do not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill encreaſt,
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt.

Thus

Thus by the Queen the wild woods are frequented,
And leaving the Kings bed, she is contented
To use the groves born by the rage of wind,
Even as a ship with a full Eastern wind.
How often hath she with an envious eye
Look'd on the Cow that by her Bull did lie,
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer move
My hearts chief Lord, and urge him to her love?
Behold, how she before him joyful skips,
And proudly jetting on the green grass leaps,
To please his amorous eye; then charg'd the Queen,
See in these fields that Cow no more be seen.
No sooner to her servants had she spoke,
But the poor Beast was had up to the yoke.
Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queen slew,
And their warm blood the Altars did embrue;
Whil'st by the sacrificing Priest he stands,
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands.
Oft pray'd she to the Gods, but all in vain (slain,
T' appease their deities with blood of beasts thus
And to their bowels spake, Go, go, be gone
To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth she wish her self *Europa*, then
To be fair *Io* pasturing in the Fen:
Io a beast in shape, hide, hoof, and horn;
Only *Europa* on a beast was born.
At length the Captain of the herd beguil'd
With a Cows skin with curious art compil'd,
The longing Queen obtain'd her full desire,
And in the Childs birth did bewray the fire.
Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thyestes* bed,
She had not with her Child been banished;
Nor *Phœbus* stopt his Car that so bright burned,
And his Steeds back unto the Morning turned.

King

King *Nisus* Daughter, that was held so fair,
Stole from her Fathers head the purple hair:
And hanging at the ship, was in her fall
Chang'd to a Bird in voice, in shape and all.
Another *Scylla* was by *Circe*'s spells
Made a Sea monster, and in the Ocean dwells;
Beneath whose Navel barketh many a hound,
Whose ravenous gulf, like throats, Ship and Men
The valiant *Agamemnon* that by Land (drown'd
Fled the great God of War and did withstand
Neptune by Sea, behold alas her dies
By's jealous wife a woful Sacrifice;
Who pities not the bright *Creusa*'s flame,
Wishing their salt tears might have quenche the same?
Who could but weep to see young Children slain,
Whilst their warm bloods their Mothers Garments stain?
Why *Phœbus* put'st thou out the striplings eyes? (slain?
That punishment thy own face shall disguise.
The greatest mischiefs women's lusts engender;
Some of their hearts be cruel, though most be tender.
Womens desires are burning, fires contagious;
Mens are more temperate far, and less outragious:
Therein they are proceed, nor doubt to enjoy
And win all women be they never so coy.
Use them by my directions being learn'd by me,
Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:
Yet love them to be sought by fame constrains,
As well in things which they deny as gains:
But take thou no repulse, 'tis not a treasure
To enjoy new delights and taste fresh pleasure,
Variety of sweets are welcome still,
And acceptablest to a womans will:
They think that Corn best in anothers field,
Their Neighbours goat the sweetest milk doth yield.

But

But first ere siege be to thy Mistris laid,
Practise to come acquainted with her Maid:
She can prepare the way, seek thy redress,
And by her means thou maist have sweet access.
To her familiar ear your counsel show,
And all your private pleasures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward,
With her that's easy which to thee seems hard.
She can choose times, so times Physicians keep,
When in thy Mistris arms thou safe maiest sleep;
And that must be when she is apt to yield,
What time the ripe Corn swells within the field.
When banisht sorrows from her heart remove,
And give mirth place, she lies broad wake to love.
Whild *Troy* was pensive, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they securely slept:
Yet sometimes prove her, when thou find'st her sad,
Mourning her own wrong with some usage bad.
Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,
Shee'l grace thee to revenge her former wrong.
Her mind may the industrious Maid prepare,
And softly whisper, yet that she may hear
Such wrongs no woman that hath spirit can bear:
So she proceeds to thee, lifts thy praises high,
Swears for her chaste love thou art bent to dye,
And there step in, and doubt not to prevail,
Yet ere her furious anger hath struck sail,
Rage in that Sea delay consumes and dyes,
Like Ice against the Sun: no grace despise
That from the Hand-maid comes, with all my power
Seek by convenient means her to deflower.
She is industrious and made apt for sport,
And by her Office limits your resort.

She, if her own counsel may be closely kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with pain,
My counsel is from these things to abstain.
I will not headlong over Mountains tread,
Nor following me shall any be misled;
But of the Maid by whom thou send'st thy letter,
With her care please thee well, with her face better.
Begin not therefore with the maid to toy,
Thy mistris love and favour first enjoy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit art,
Nor let my words amongst the winds depart:
If thou hast moy'd her once, take no denial,
Resolve to act, or never to make trial.
From fear and blame thou art secure and free,
As soon as she partakes the crime with thee.
You see the Bird that to the morning sings,
Cannot soar high when she hath lim'd her wings.
Nor can the savage Boar with bristled back
Break thro' those toyls, his strugling his made slack.
The fish that glides along the silver brook,
Is quickly drawn, being wounded with the hook.
So having once but tri'd her, make her yield,
And never part, but conquer, from the field:
The fault being mutual, knowing how she fell,
The bashful Girl will be ashamed to tell.
But she can shew thee in familiar phrase,
Both what thy vertuous Mistris does and says.
Always be secret, if your guilt appear,
'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetual fear.
He is deceiv'd that thinks all times avail
For Swains to turn the earth, Sea-men to sayl:
All seasons are not kind when men should sow,
Times must be pickt, to have your grain well grow.

C

Nor always is the surging Ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ship may sail in it;
Nor is it always time fair Girls to woo,
Sometimes abstain, so doth thy Master do.
Omit her Birth-day, and those Kalends twise,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstain to kiss.
At some forbidden season being deckt
With Princely tire, use her with great respect.
In the cold Winter, when the *Pleiades* reign,
From the sweet work of *Venus* most abstain:
Forbear the like resort amongst thy wenches,
When *Capricorn* the troubled Ocean drenches.
Thou shalt begin even in that very day,
When woful and lamenting *Allia*
Looks on the Tragick Earth made crimson red
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled:
Or in the seventh day feast that's held divine,
And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
Thy Ladies Birth-day Ceremonies make,
And superstitiously all works forsake;
Above all days let that a black day be,
When thou giv'st ought, or she doth beg of thee.
You shall have some into your bosome creep,
Who jestingly will snatch things they will keep,
And by some slight and pretty wanton suit,
To enrich themselves will leave thee destitute.
First when the Linnen-Draper brings his wares,
And lays his pack wide open at the Fairs,
She will peruse them as thou stand'st her nigh,
The whilst the Draper asks what will you buy?
Straight will she crave thy judgment in the Lawn,
Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawn:
Then will she kiss thee, pray thee she may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art won to buy it.

Canst

Canſt thou deny the wanton? ſhe will ſwear,
This gift will ſerve her uſe for many a year:
It is now cheap, ſhe hath great need of this;
And every word ſhe mingles with a kiſs.
Haſt thou no Coyn about thee? thou ſhalt ſend
To intreat it by a Letter from thy Friend.
What muſt I needs preſent her with this caſket?
Becauſe that on her Birth-day ſhe doth ask it?
Then every day ſhe wants, ſhe will be ſworn,
That on that very ſame day ſhe was born.
Or when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
And feigning ſome falſe loſs much ſeeking keeps,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome precious thing,
A jewel from her ear, her hand a Ring:
What's that to me? or if I hear her pray
To borrow this or that until ſome day?
What's lent is loſt, and to be found no more:
Women things borrowed never will reſtore.
Ten Tongues, as many Mouths cannot impart
Half the ſlights uſed in the ſtrumpet's art.
Make love with Letters and thy money ſave,
And let them Wax, and Ink and Paper have;
Keep what thou haſt, for words good words ſurrender;
For flattery like falſhood ever tender.
Fair words are cheap, what more thou giv'ſt is loſt;
Flatter, ſpeak fair, 'tis done with little coſt.
Old *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* won,
Which elſe *Achilles* never would have done.
Force is but weak, intreaty hath her odds;
So we intreat, but not inforce the Gods.
A promiſe is a charm to make Fools fat,
Be full of them, promiſe no matter what:
A promiſe is a meer inchanting witch,
By promiſes 'tis an eaſy matter to be rich.

Date dona ſicut dat mella geniſta.

The

The hope of gain will keep thy credit free,
Hope is a Goddess false, yet true to thee.
Give her, and straight she'l leave thee with disdain,
She expects no more, what's past she counteth gain.
Be always giving, but your gifts still keep,
And thy delays in words well framed steep.
So hath the barren field deceiv'd the Swain:
So doth the Gamester lose in hopes to gain.
Love that on even hands grows, is most pure,
That which comes *gratis* longest doth endure.
Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her,
A Letter breaks the Ice of any Suitor:
A Letter in an apple writ and sent,
Won fair *Cydippe* to her Lovers bent.
You *Roman* Youth is all other toys resign,
Learn the liberal arts and muses nine:
Not only as an Orator to declaim
Before the Judge and Senate, for the same,
When thou the Ladies fair shalt come among,
Will speed, and they will all applaud thy tongue.
But speak not by the book, it breeds offence,
To court in strange and fustian eloquence:
None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
Or in his speech use an inforced phrase.
Who but a Mad man else will with Orations,
Plead to his Love and wooe in Declamations?
Use a smooth Language, and accustomed Speech,
And in no straining discourse love beseech,
As if thou cam'st to speak a studied part,
But as immediately sent from the heart.
If she reject thy lines, and scorn to read them,
But casting them away, on the ground tread them:
Despair not though, but that she may in time,
And will with judging eyes peruse thy rime.

In time the ſtubborn Heifers draw the wain,
In time the wildeſt Steeds do brook the Rain:
Time frets hard Iron, in time the Ploughſhare's worn,
Yet the ground's ſoft by which the ſteel is torn.
What's harder than a ſtone, or what more ſoft
Than water is? and yet by dropping oft
The gentle rain will eat into the flints,
And in their hard ſides leave impreſſive dints.
Do but perſiſt the ſuit thou haſt begun,
In time will chaſte *Penelope* be won.
Long was it e're the City *Troy* was ta'ne:
Yet was it burnt at length, and *Priam* ſlain.
Hath ſhe perus'd the ſcroul thou didſt indite,
And will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write?
Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
That ſhe hath read it, and thy love doth ſee.
Fear not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt writ,
She will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
At firſt perhaps her letter will be ſowr,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeem to lowr,
In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſuite;
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forwarns, ſhe moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Only purſue to reap what thou haſt ſown,
A million to a mite ſhe is thy own.
If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Down on her back and upwards with her face,
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thank thy fate,
Steal to her bedſide with a thieviſh gate:
And having won, unto her wiſely bear thee,
With watchful care that no Eaveſ-droper hear thee.
Or if ſhe walk abroad, without delay
Be thou a quick-ſpie to obſerve her way.

When thou meeteſt her abroad.

Keep in her eye, and croſs her in the ſtreet,
Here overtake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behind her, then out-ſtrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace:
Now faſt, now ſlow, and ever move ſome ſlay,
That ſhe may find thee ſtill firſt in her way;
Nor be afraid if thou occaſion ſpy,
To jog her elbow as thou paſſeſt by;
Or if thou happeneſt to behold from far,
When thou findeſt her in the Theater. Thy Miſtriſs croſſing o're the Theater;
Hie to the place, being there look round about the
And in no ſeat let her be found without thee:
No matter though the Play thou do not mind,
Thou ſights enough within her face ſhalt find;
There ſtand and gaze, there wonder, there admir
There ſpeaking looks may whiſper thy deſire.
Applaud him whom ſhe likes, if thou diſcover
In any ſtrain a true well acted Lover,
Make him thy inſtance, court her by all skill:
If ſhe riſe, riſe, if ſhe ſit, ſit thee ſtill:
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles, be penſive when ſhe lov
And in her looks and geſtures loſe thy hours.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not wear,
Uſe not hot Irons to criſp and curl thy hair;
No ſpruce ſtarcht faſhions ſhould on Lovers wait,
Men beſt become a meer neglected gate.
Blunt *Theſeus* came with no perfumes to *Crete*,
And yet great *Minos* Daughter thought him ſweet
Phædra did love *Hippolytus*, yet he
Had on his back no Courtly bravery.
Adonis like a wood-man ſtill was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the lovely Lad.
Go neat and handſome, comelineſs beſt pleaſes,
And the deſire of women ſooneſt raiſes.

Use a meet gate, thy garments without stains,
Keep not thy face from weather nor from rain.
Thy tongue have without roughness, thy teeth clear
And white, and let no rust inhabit there.
Wear thy shooes close and fit, and not too wide;
Cut thy hair compass even on either side:
Let no disordered hairs here and there stand,
But have thy Beard trimm'd with a skilful hand.
Make blunt thy nails, pare them and keep them low,
Let no stiff hairs within thy Nostrils grow:
Keep thy breath sweet and fresh, lest rank it smell,
Such is the air where bearded Goats do dwell.
All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes,
Leave thou to wanton Girles and jugling Boyes.
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He favours Lovers and those amorous flames
In which he hath been scorch'd. It so fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* straid the Isle about;
Being left alone within that desert plain,
Where the brook *Dia* pours into the main:
Who waking from her rest, her vail unbound,
Her bare-foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden hair dissolved, aloud she raves,
Calling on *Theseus* to the diffus'd waves,
Oh *Theseus*, cruel *Theseus*, whom she seeks
Whil'st showers of tears make furrows in her cheeks.
She calls and weeps, and weeps and calls at once,
Which might to ruth move e'en the senseless stones.
Yet both alike became her, they both grac'd her,
The whil'st she strives to call him, or weep faster.
Then beats she her soft breast, and makes it groan.
And then she cries, What is false *Theseus* gone?
What shall I do? she cries, what shall I do?
And with that note she runs the Forest through.

The tale of Theseus and Ariadne.

When suddenly her ears might understand,
Cymbals and Timbrels toucht with a loud hand:
To which the Forrests, Woods and Caves resound.
And now amaz'd she senseless falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphs* come with their scattered hair
Falling behind, which they like garments wear,
And the light *Satyrs*, and untoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his lasie Asse
Nods with his drunken pate, about to pass
Where the poor Lady all in tears lies drown'd,
Scarce sits the Drunkard, but he falls to ground,
Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering stoops,
Following those giddy *Bacchanalian* troops,
Who dance the wild *Lavalto* on the Grass,
Whilst with a staff he lays upon his asse.
At length when the young *Satyrs* least suspect,
He tumbling falls quite from his asses neck,
But up they heave him, whilst each *Satyr* cries,
Rise good old Father, good old Father rise.
Now comes the God himself, next after him,
His vine-like Chariot driven with *Tygers* grim:
Colour and voice, and *Theseus* she doth lack:
There would she flye, and there fear pull'd her back:
She trembles like a stalk the wind doth shake,
Or a weak Reed that grows besides the lake.
To whom the God spake, Lady take good cheer,
See one more faithful than false *Theseus* here.
Thou shalt be wise to *Bacchus*, for a gift
Receive high Heaven, and to the sphears be lift,
Where thou shalt shine a Star to guide by night
The wandring Seaman in his course aright:
This said, lest that his *Tygers* should affray
The trembling Maid, the God his Coach doth stay,

And leaping from his Chariot with his heels
He prints the sand, with that the *Nymph* he feels:
And hugging her, in vain she doth resist.
He bears her thence, Gods can do what they list.
Some *Hymen* sing, and *Io* some do cry,
So *Bacchus* with the Maid that night doth lye:
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night unto thy love dost owe:
Pray to the God of grapes, that in thy bed
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talk thou maist invent,
To give thy Lady note of thy intent:
To tell her thou art hers and she is thine,
Thus even at board make love-tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy speaking eye to move thy sute:
Good language may be made in looks and winks,
Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks.
And note the very place her lip did touch.
Drink just at that, let thy regard be such:
Or when she carves, what part of all the meat
She with her finger touch, that eat and eat:
Or if thou carve to her, or she to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her Friend Familiar, and be sure,
It much avails to make thy love endure:
When thou drink'st, drink to him above the rest,
Grace him, and make thy self a thankful guest.
In every thing prefer him to his face,
Though in his function he be ne'r so base.
The course is safe and doth secureness lend,
For who suspectless may not greet his Friend?
Yet though the path thou tread'st seem straight and plain,
In some things it is full of rubs again.

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ing.

Drink ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſingling him take not too much:
Carouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Have a regard and meaſure in your cups.
Let both the feet and thoughts their office know.
Chiefly beware of brawling, which may grow
By too much wine; from fighting moſt abſtain,
In ſuch a quarrel was *Eurytion* ſlain. (after:
Where ſwaggering leads the way, Miſchief comes
Junkets and Wine were made for mirth and laughter.
Sing, if thy voyce be delicate and ſweet.
If thou canſt dance, then nimbly ſhake thy feet.
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more than common,
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the brain,
Yet now and then I hold it good to fain.
Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſs thy lip,
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be judg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay how happy were that man,
That could enfold thee in his arms? and than
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her ear thou raveſt to ſee dead.
But when the Tables drawn and ſhe among
The full crew riſing, thruſt into the throng,
And touch her ſoftly as ſhe forth doth go,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeak, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both love and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick, true love ſhow,
Good words anwares upon thy tongue will flow.
Make as thy tongue could wound thy ſoul with grief,
And uſe what art thou canſt to win relief.

All

All women of themselves self-loved are,
The foulest in their own conceits are fair:
Praise them, they will believe thee: I have known
A meer dissembler a true lover grown,
Proving in earnest what he fain'd in sport.
Then, oh you Maids, use men in gentle sort:
Be affable, and kind, and scorn eschew,
Love forg'd at first may at the last prove true.
Let fair words work into their hearts, as brooks
Into a hollow bank that over-looks
The margent of the water: praise her cheeks,
The colour of her hair commend and like,
Her slender finger and her pretty foot,
Her body and each part that 'longs unto't:
And women, as you hope my stile shall raise you,
I charge you to believe men when they praise you.
For praises please; the chastest Maids delight
To hear their Lovers in their praise to write.
Juno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrygian* soyl,
Where *Paris* to their beauties gave the foil.
Even yet they envy *Venus*, and still dare her
To come to a new judgment which is fairer.
The Peacock being praised spreads his train,
Be silent, and he hides his wealth again.
Horses trapt richly praise them in their race,
They will curvet and proudly mend their pace.
Large promises in love I much allow;
Nay call the Gods as witness to thy vow:
For *Jove* himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at Lovers perjuries,
Commanding *Æolus* to disperse them quite:
Even *Jove* himself hath falsly sworn, some write,
By *Styx* to *Juno*, and since then doth show
Favours to us that falsly swear below.

Gods surely be Gods, we must think they are,
To them burn Incense and due rites prepare:
Nor do they sleep as many think they do.
Lead harmless lives, pay debts and forfeits too.
Keep covenant with thy friend and banish fraud.
Kill not, and such a man the Gods applaud.
Say women none deceive, the Gods have spoken,
There is no pain impos'd on faith so broken.
Deceive the sly Deceiver: they find snares,
To catch poor harmless Lovers unawares.
Lay the like trains for them. Nine years some fain
In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of Rain,
When *Thratius* to the grim *Busiris* goes,
And from the Oracle this answer shows:
That *Jove* must be appeas'd with strangers blood,
The said *Busiris* kill'd him where he stood:
And said withal, Thou stranger, first art slain,
To appease the Gods and bring great *Egypt* rain.
In *Phalaris* Bull, *Phalaris* first laid
The same work-master that the Engine made:
Both Kings were just, death deaths Inventers try,
And justly in their own inventions die.
So should false oaths, by right false oaths beguile,
And a deceitful girl be caught by wile:
Then teach thy eyes to weep, tears perswade truth,
And move obdurate Adamant to ruth.
At such especial times, that passing by
She may perceive a tear stand in thy eye.
Or if tears fail, as still thou canst not get them,
With thy moist finger rub thy eyes and wet them.
Who but a fool that cannot judge of blisses,
But when he speaks will with his words mix kisses?
Say she be coy and will give none at all,
Take them ungiven, perhaps at first shee'l brawl;

Strive

Strive and reſiſt thee all the ways ſhe can,
And ſay withal, away you naughty man.
Yet will ſhe fight like one would loſe the field,
And ſtriving gladly be conſtrain'd to yield:
Be not ſo boiſterous, do not ſpeak too high;
Leſt by rude hurting of her lips ſhe cry.
He that gets kiſſes with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to love belong;
I count him for a Meacock and a ſot,
Worthy to loſe the kiſſes that he got.
What more than kiſſing wanted of the game,
Was thy meer daſtardy, not baſhful ſhame:
They term it force, ſuch force comes welcome ſtill,
What pleaſeth them they grant againſt their will.
Phœbe the fair was forc'd, ſo was her ſiſter,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thank'd him that kiſt her.
There was a tale well known how *Hecubs* ſon,
To ſteal fair *Hellen* through the ſtream did run:
Venus who by his cenſure won in *Ide*,
Gave to him in requital this fair Bride:
Now for another world doth ſail with joy,
A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy*:
The whileſt the *Grecians* are already come,
Mov'd with his publick wrong againſt *Ilium*:
Achilles in a ſmock his Sex doth ſmother,
And lays the blame upon his careful Mother.
What makes thou great *Achilles* toying woo,
When *Pallas* in a caſk ſhould hide thy skull!
What doth that palm with webs and threds of Gold,
Which are more fit a warlike ſhield to hold?
Why ſhould that right hand rock and twig contain,
By which the *Trojan Hector* muſt be ſlain?
Caſt off theſe looſe vails and thy armour take,
And in thy hand the ſpear of *Pallas* ſhake.

Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was she forc'd; so ought we to believe,
Not to be so inforc't how would she grieve?
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
For he had arm'd him and his rock laid by,
And with a soft voice spake, *Achille* stay,
It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray:
And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss,
What force *Deidamia* call you this?
There is a kind of fear in the first proffer,
But having once begun she takes the offer.
Trust not too much young man to thy fair face,
Nor look a woman should intreat thy grace.
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her ear to sue and pray.
If thou wilt reap fruits of thy loves effects,
Only begin, 'tis all that she expects.
So in the ancient times *Olympian Jove*
Made unto *Heroes* suit and won their love:
But if thy words breed scorn, a while forbear,
For many, what most flies them, hold most dear;
And what they may have proffer'd, flie and shun,
By soft retreat great vantage may be won.
In person of a wooer come not still,
But sometimes as a Friend in meer good will:
Thou cam'st her Friend, but shalt return her love,
A white soft hew my judgement doth disprove.
Give me a face whose colour knows no art,
Which the Green Sea hath tan'd, the Sun made swart.
Beauty is meer uncomely in a Clown,
That under the hot Planets ploughs the ground.
And thee, that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeem,
To have a white face, it would ill beseem.

B. S. ret in Love.

Beauty not approved in a man.

Let

Let him that loves, look pale; for I protest,
That colour in a Lover stills shews best.
Orion wandring in the woods lookt sickly, *Look*
Daphne being once in love lost colour quickly. *pale.*
Thy leanness argues love; seem sparely fed,
And sometimes wear a Night-cap on thy head. *Lean*
For griefs and cares that in afflictions grow,
Weaken a lovers Spirits and bring him low,
Look miserably poor, it much behoves, *Sick*
That all that see you, may say, you man loves.
Shall I proceed or stay, move or disswade?
Friendship and faith of no account are made.
Love mingles right with wrong, friendship despises,
And the world Faith holds vain, and slightly prises.
Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend
To thy Companion or thy trusty Friend: *Su-*
Lest of thy praise enamoured it may breed *spect*
Like love in them with passions that exceed. *thy*
Yet was the Nuptial bed of great *Achilles* *frien*
Unstain'd by his dear friend *Actorides*: *in*
The wife of *Theseus* though she went astray, *love*
Was chast as much as in *Pirithous* lay.
Phœbus and *Pallas*, *Hermione*, *Pylades*,
And the two twins we call *Tantarides*,
Tend to the like; but he that in these days,
For the like trust acquires the self same praise,
He may as well from weeds seek sweet Rose buds,
Apples of Thorn Trees, Honey from the floods.
Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,
Pleasures are each mans God, Faith they excell:
And that stoln pleasure is respected chief,
Which falls to one man by anothers grief:
O mischief! you young Lovers, fear not those,
That are your open and professed foes,

Suspect

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things just,
Yet in thy love he will deceive thy trust.
Friends breed true fears, in love the presence hate
Of thy near kinsman, brother, and sworn mate.
I was about to end, but so I see,
How many humorous thoughts in women be.
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,
A thousand humours woo a thousand ways:
One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,
This is for Vines, here Corn, there Olives spring.
More than be several shapes beneath the skies,
Have women gestures, thoughts, and fantasies.
He that is apt will in himself devise
Innumerable shapes of fit disguise,
To shift and change like *Proteus*, whom we see,
A Lyon first, a Boar, and then a Tree.
Some fishes strangely by a Dart are took,
These by a Net, and others by a Hook:
All ages not alike entrapped are,
The crooked old wife sees the train from far.
Appear not learned unto one that's rude,
Nor loose to one with chastity indu'd:
Should you so do, alas the pretty Elves
Would in the want of art distrust themselves.
Hence comes it, this is best fortune some refuse,
And the base bed of an inferiour chuse:
Part of my toyls remains, and part is past,
Here doth my shaken ship her Anchor cast.

FINIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

SIng *Io Pæan*, twice, twice *Io* say,
My toyls are pitcht, and I have caught my prey,
Let the glad Lover crown my head with bays,
And before old blind *Homer Ovid* praise.
So did King *Priams* son exulting skip,
With the fair ravish'd *Helen* in his ship;
So did he sing that in his chariot run,
And victor like the bright *Atlanta* won.
Whether away young man thy Bark is lost,
Yet in the mid-Sea far from any coast;
'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
To find a Lady that commands thy heart,
The reach of my invention is much deeper,
By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keep her.
As difficult it is by art to bind her
To thy desires, as at the first to find her.
In this consists the substance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both assist me still.
And gracious *Erato* my Ille prepare,
Thou are the Muse that hast of Lovers care.
I promise wondrous things, I will explain,
How fickle thoughts in love may firm remain,

And

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That strays and wanders round about the world:
Yet is love light and hath two wings to fly:
'Tis hard to out-strive him mounting the skie.
What *Minos* to his guest always denied,
A desperate passage through the air he tried:
As *Dædalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to shut the Queen *Pasiphaes* guilt,
Kneeling he says, Just *Minos* end my mones,
And let my Native Country shroud my bones.
Grant me great King, what yet the fates deny,
And where I have not liv'd, oh! let me die:
Or if dread Sovereign I deserve no grace,
Look with a pitcous eye on my childs face:
And grant him leave from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if thou deny my child.
This and much more he says, but all in vain:
Both son and sire still doth the King detain.
Which he perceiving, said, Now now 'tis fit,
To give the world cause to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our flight:
Only the air remains, then let us try
To cut a passage through the air and flie:
Jove be auspicious to my enterprise,
I covet not to mount above the skies,
But make this refuge, since I can prepare
No means to flee my Lord but through the air:
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black *Stygian* waters, *Styx* I'le swim.
O humane wit, thou canst invent much ill,
Thou searchest strange arts: who would think by skill
A heavy man like a light Bird should stray,
And through the empty Heavens find a fit way?

He

He placeth in just order all his quills,
Whose bottoms with dissolved wax he fills.
Then binds them with a line, and being fast tide,
He placeth them like Oars, on either side.
The little Lad the downie feathers blew,
And what his Father wrought he nothing knew:
The wax he softned, with the strings he plaid,
Not thinking for his Shoulders they were made:
To whom his Father spake, and then looke pale,
With these swift ships we to our Land must sail.
All passage now doth cruel *Minos* stop,
Only the empty air he stills leaves ope:
That way must we, the Land and the rough deep
Doth *Minos* stop, the air he cannot keep.
But in the way beware thou set no eye
On the sign *Virgo* nor *Bootes* high:
Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
That bears a Sword, but just with me keep pace.
Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,
I will before thee flie; as thou shalt see
Thy Father mount or stoop, so I arreed thee,
Take me thy guide and safely I will lead thee.
If we should soar too near great *Phœbus* seat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat;
Or if we flie too near the humid seas,
Our moistned wings we shall not shake with ease.
Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,
Let thy light body fall amidst the skies.
And ever as his little son he charms,
He fits the Feathers to his tender arms,
And shews him how to move his body light,
As birds do teach the little young ones flight:
By this he calls a Council of his wits,
And his own wings unto his shoulders fits.

Being

Being about to rise he fearful quakes,
And in his new way his faint body shakes:
But ere he took his flight he kist his son,
Whilst floods of tears down by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillock not so high and tall
As lofty Mountains be, nor yet so small
To be with vallies even, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their uncouth skill:
The Father moves his wings, and with respect
His eyes upon his wandring son reflect.
They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,
Fearless of harms in this new tract doth joy,
And flies more boldly: now upon them looks,
The fisher-men that angle in the Brooks,
And with their eyes cast upward frighted stand.
By this is *Samos* Isle on their left hand:
With *Naxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,
Fearless they take the course that likes them best.
Upon the right-hand *Eurithos* they forsake,
Now *Astpelen* with my fishie lake,
Shady *Pachinne* full of woods and groves:
When the rash boy too bold in vent'ring roves,
Loses his guide, and takes his flight so high,
That the soft wax against the Sun doth fry,
And the cords break that made the feathers fast,
So that his arms have power upon no blast:
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down,
Upon the lower Heavens, whose curld waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the skies
He sees black night and death before his eyes;
Now melts the wax, his naked arm he shakes,
And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked Lad down headlong falls,
And by the way he Father, Father calls:

Help

Help Father, help he cries, and as he speaks,
A violent wave his course of language breaks.
The unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, son *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou flie?
Icarus where art thou? When straight he doth espie,
The feathers swim, thus loud he doth exclaim,
The earth his bones, the sea still keep his name.
Minos could not restrain a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* he nere so light.
He gulls himself that seeks to witches craft,
Or with a young Colts forehead makes a draft.
No power in wise *Medea's* potions dwells,
Nor drowned poisons mixt with Magick spells.
The power of love is not inforc'd by these,
For were it so, then had *Ersinides*
Been stay'd by *Phasias*, and *Ulysses* kept,
Who stole from *Circe*, while the Inchantress slept.
These charmed drugs move madness, hurt the brain:
To gain pure love, pure love return again.
Mischievous thoughts eschew to purchase grace,
Manners prevail more than a beauteous face.
And yet the *Nymphs* the love of *Nilus* seek,
And *Homer* doats on *Nireus* the fair Greek.
But trust not thou the beauty to keep kind,
Thy Mistress seeks the beauty of the mind.
All outward beauty fades as years encrease,
Even so it wears away and waxeth less.
Beauty in her own course is overtaken,
The Violet now fresh is, straight forsaken.
Nor always do the Lillies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their object yield.
The fragrant Rose once pluckt, the briery thorn
Newes rough and naked, on which the Rose was born.

Use in Charmes.

No Magick potions.

Use manners.

Oh thou most fair, white hairs come on apace,
And wrinkled furrows which will plough thy face:
Instruct thy soul, thy thoughts have perfect made,
These beauties last till death, all others fade.
To liberal arts thy careful hours apply,
Learn many tongues with their true Euphony:
Ulysses was not fair but eloquent,
Yet to his Love the Sea *Nymphs* did consent.
How often did the Witch his stay implore,
Making the Seas unfit for Sayle or Oar?
She pray'd him oft, because he spake so well,
Over and over *Troyes* sad fate to tell.
Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,
Recites the self-same story divers ways:
Calypso, as they on the Sea bank stood,
Casting their eyes upon the Neighbouring flood,
Desires the fall and bloody acts to hear,
Wrought by th' *Odrysian* Captains sword and spear.
Then holding 'twixt his fingers a white wand,
What she requests he draws upon the sand.
Here's *Troy*, quoth he, and then the walls he paints.
Think *Simois* this Image, these my tents;
There was the place in which *Dolon* was slain,
About the Vigil watch, when with the rein
Th' *Hemonian* Horses play; and as he speaks,
To counterfeit that place the sand he breaks.
Here *Scythian Rhesus* tents are pight on high,
This way his Horsemen slain, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the sudden lo,
A sweeping wave the shore doth overflow.
And as her drops amidst his works doth fall,
It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the Goddess, Dares *Ulysses* try
These senseless violent waves that climb so high:

And wilt thou with theſe waters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoon deſtroyed?
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay,
Seek inward beauty, ſuch as laſts for aye.
Sweet affability will enter far *Be affable.*
Into a womans breaſt, when ſcorn breeds war.
We hate the Hawk and loath her fleſh to eat,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meat.
The wolf we hunt, and envy all her ſtock,
Becauſe the Lamb ſhe kills, and ſpoils the flock:
But none the gentle Swallow lays to catch,
The loving Storks within our turrets hatch.
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds, *Shun ſtrife.*
Love with kind language and fair ſpeeches ſpeeds.
Strife makes the married couple often jar;
The man with wife, the wife with man to war:
Leave brauls to wives, they are their marriage dower.
Let thy ſweet-heart hear nothing that is ſowr.
When by appointment you ſhall meet in bed,
And by Laws tye you are not thither led:
Strict Statutes from ſuch actions ſtill withdraw,
Let your abounding love ſupply the law:
Bring loving ſpeeches to enchant the ear, *Be loving.*
And moving words ſuch as ſhe joyes to hear.
I am not Tutor unto him that's rich,
My precepts ſoar not to ſo high a pitch.
The Lover that's endowed with Gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at every word can take ſupply,
Hath in that very word more wit than I:
We yield to him: he that their laps can fill,
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muſe inſtructs poor Lovers wanting pelf,
For when I lov'd I was but poor my ſelf.

Skill

Still as my purſe no ſtore of crowns affords,
I in the ſtead of rich gifts give fair words:
Be patient. Be fearful you poor lovers to diſpleaſe,
Be patient to endure things againſt your eaſe.
Things that the rich would ſcorn: it was my hap
Once as my head lay in my Miſtreſs lap,
To grow in rag'd, then ſtreight I fell to beat her,
To rouſe her ordered Locks and ill intreat her.
But what enſued? Oh God, much grief it coſt me,
Many ſweet days, many ſweet nights it loſt me.
Whether I toucht her cloaths, I might deny,
She ſays I tore them, I ſome new muſt buy:
You Scholars by your Maſters harms beware,
Theſe ills by him already proved are.
Make againſt the *Parthians* war, but to thy love
Bring concord, peace, and all things that can move:
Though at the firſt you find her but untoward,
Bear it, and ſhe in time will prove leſs froward.
The crooked arm that from the tree is cut
By gentle uſage is made ſtreight; but put
Such violence to it as thy ſtrength delivers,
And thou wilt break the ſhort wood into ſhivers.
By induſtry thou maiſt o'reſwim a floud,
Whoſe raging current elſe is ſcarce withſtood.
By induſtry the *Tigers* gentle grow:
And the wild Lyons may be tamed ſo.
The ſavage Bulls whoſe fierce ire doth provoke,
By induſtry are brought unto the yoke:
Arcadian Atalanta was moſt cruel,
At length came one whom ſhe eſteem'd her Jewel
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his miſhap,
And her ſeverity, who ſought to intrap
Her harmleſs Lovers, oft at her fierce beck;
He laid betwixt his ſhoulders and her neck

The toyls for Savage Beasts: and with his spear
He pierc'd such untam'd Cattle as came near:
To such hard tasks I do not thee compel
To arm thy body against Monsters fell.
In the wild wilderness to seek out broyls,
Nor on thy neck to bear the guileful toyles.
My imposition is not so severe:
No such adventures are injoyned here.
This only means all dangers will disperse:
Yield her her humour when she grows perverse: *Humour her.*
When she in conference argues, argue thou,
What she approves, in self-same words allow.
Say what she says, deny what she denies,
If she laugh, laugh; if she weep, wet thine eyes.
And let her count'nance be to thine a law,
To keep thy actions and thy looks in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice, *Lose to her at game.*
At tables or at chess, by some device
Let her depart a Conquerour, else 'twere sin,
What gladly thou wouldst lose, that let her win.
Let thy officious hand then bear her fan. (man *Bear her fan.*
When thou shalt chance her through the streets to
Make thy supporting arm to hers a stay,
Through throngs and presses usher her the way.
As she ascends her bed, set her a stair,
By which to climb, and every thing prepare;
That she may see them done without offence;
Reach thou her pantofles, or take them thence.
And standing by to watch her while she rests,
Warm thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts.
Nor think it base, 'twill please though it be base,
To hold the glass unto thy Mistriss face. *Hercules.*
He that deserv'd within those Heavens to tarry,
Which he before upon his back did carry,

Performing

Performing more than *Juno* could command him,
So strong that no fierce Monster could withstand him
Even he *Alcidis*, *Iolts* Grace to win,
Shap't like a woman did both card and spin.
Go thou, and in his servile place proceed,
And gain as fair a Mistris for thy meed.
Art thou enjoyn'd at such an hour to be
In the great *Forum* where she waits for thee?
Hasten thy weary steps, and thank thy fate,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late.
Bids she thee go? all business lay apart,
Run, till with extream heat thou melt thy heart.
Sups she abroad? and wants she one to attend her
Back to her lodging? it will not offend her
To wait her at the same place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torch.
Is she in the Country and commands thee come?
Hast thou no Coach? upon thy ten-toes run.
Let neither winter blast not storms of hail,
Nor the hot thirsty dogstar let thee fail:
Shun neither heat nor cold, but see thou go,
Though every step thou treadst knee deep in Snow.
Love is a kind of war, all such depart,
As bear a timerous or a slothful heart.
Nights, winters long ways, watchings, grief in milion
Torment loves Souldiers in their soft pavilions:
On cold ground thou must lie, bear many a shower
When the Heavens open and the floodgates pour.
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* sheep he kept,
In a thatcht Cottage on the cold floor slept.
What *Phœbus* did, whom may it not be seem?
Better than *Phœbus* of himself esteem
What mortal Lover dare? then sloth despise,
You that confirm'd and lasting love devise.

If at the outward gates a watch ſtand centry,
Or ſay the blocks or locks deny thee entry,
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a Caſement crall,
Or by a Cord down from the Chimney fall.
Thee in her loving arms ſhe ſtraight will take,
Rejoycing thou wouldſt hazard for her ſake.
Every vain fear and danger thou doſt prove,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy love.
Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his love into the Sea he leapt.
Think it no ſhame the favour to deſerve
Of every maid that doth thy Miſtris ſerve:
Salute them by their names in courteous ſort;
For theſe are they that can preſer thy ſport.
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frowns,
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtreſs Gowns.
To her make means, for ſhe is a groom-porter
Both to her bed and ſuch as do reſort her.
Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her,
I mean thy Love, but knacks of value ſlender:
As when the Orchard boughs are clog'd with fruit,
In ſome choice Diſh from thence commend thy ſuit.
And let the little Page that bears them ſay,
Though thou perhaps haſt bought them by the way,
Theſe pears, or plums, or grapes which I preſent you,
As his firſt fruits were by my Maſter ſent you.
Or be they Hazel Nuts, or Cheſſenuts great,
Even ſuch as *Amaryllis* lov'd to eat;
Or a young *Turkie*, theſe will ſhew thy heart.
Theſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart:
Such preſents never bring men to deſpair,
To untimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard for her.

To uſe her maids.

What gifts to ſend her.

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
Send her verses. What shall I bid thee send her, metred Rhimes?
Alas, they find small honour in these times.
Verses they praise, but Gold they most require,
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
This is the golden age: not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the train,
Yet without Gold he may retire again.
Some Girls there be, but they be passing few,
Worthy to rank amongst that learned crew:
Others unlearned are, yet would be held,
As if in skill and judgement they excell'd:
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile
Note. Of sweetest poesie their worths compile:
Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteem:
And like a slight gift thy sweet Verses seem,
What thou intendst to do by some fine feat,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee intreat.
Art thou by covenant ty'd, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy servant free:
Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswag'd,
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
Do as thy profit leads thee, and yet so,
That she for every thing thou dost may owe.
Praise her attire. And thou that hast attain'd by passions deep
Thy Ladies grace, and would'st her favour keep,
Make her believe still when thou view'st her feature
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
If cloth of *Tyre* she wear, that habit laud,
Her *Tyrian* vesture with thy tongue applaud.

If sick which we from rich *Arabia* traffick.
Swear such attire cannot be found through *Africk*.
If cloth of Gold she wear, tush Gold is base,
If you compare her habit to her face:
If in the cold she but a Freez Gown wear,
Then her perfection makes that garment dear.
Is she compleatly dresst, and wrapt with joy?
Cry out aloud my heart burns bright as *Troy*.
Doth she above her forehead part her hair?
That lovely scene doth make her twice as fair:
Are her curl'd locks in careless trefles dangled?
In these crisp knots thy heart must be intangled.
If she doth dance, admire her active feet: *Her dancing.*
If sing, then wonder at her voyce so sweet. *Her voice.*
But when she ceaseth, see thou then complain,
Intreating her to try her skill again.
Do this, and were her heart as hard as brass,
Or more obdurate than *Meduſa's* was,
Yet she in time shall be compell'd to yield,
And thou depart a Conqu'ror from the field:
Only beware of too apparent flattery,
It will destroy the siege and tedious battery.
Dissembling, with art tempered, much imports,
Else from all future credit it dehorts.
In autumn when the year is in his pride,
And the Grape full with wine red's on the side:
When the clear air keeps a divided seat,
Affording sometimes cold and sometimes heat,
Women are prone to love, healthful and quick.
But if by chance thy Lady be faln sick,
Make both thy love, zeal, faith, and all things cheap,
Then sow what with full sickle thou maist reap.
Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,
Seem not as if thou loathest her disease,

Imploy thy hand in each thing done unto her,
These offices even of themselves will wooe her.
Let her behold thee weep as thou standst by,
That she may drink each tear falls from thy eye.
Vow many things, but all in publick stile:
Tell her thy pleasing dreams to make her smile.
And let the trembling Nurse thought fit to watch,
Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,
Whilst with thy hand thou turn'st and rear'st it oft.
These are the easie footsteps thou must tread,
Which have made way to many a wanton bed:
No such fair office can with hate be stained,
Rather by these affection is soon gained.
But minister no druggs of bitter juice,
Such let thy rival temper to his use.
Now greater gusts must to my Bark give motion,
Being from the shoar lancht forth into the Ocean.
Young love at first is weak and craves forbearing,
But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:
Yon moody Bull of whom thou art afraid,
Being but a Calf thou with his horns hast plaid:
That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand
To shield thee from a storm, was once a wand:
A River at the first not once a stride,
Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
Receiving in fresh Brooks in divers ranks,
Till he in pride have overflown his Banks.
Use to converse with her, the speeder knows,
What strength from custom and acquaintance grows.
Frequent her often, be from her seld away,
Keep in her ear and eye both night and day:
And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,
'Tis good one should be ask'd for being mist.

Fre-
quent
her

Be absent from her some convenient season,
And let her rest a while, it is but reason.
The field being spar'd returns thee treble gain;
After great drought the earth carrouses Rain.
Phillis did love *Demophoon* but not doat,
Untill she saw his flying ship afloat.
Penelope her absent Lord did mourn,
So *Laodamia* did till the return
Of her dear spouse. But be not long away,
Cares perish: new love enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his house is gone,
Poor *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:
And to allay these fears lodg'd in her breast,
In her warm bosome she receives her guest.
What madness was it *Menelaus*, to say,
Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay
Under the self same Roof thy guest and Love?
Madman unto the Hawk to turn the Dove.
And who but such a gull would give to keep
Into the Mountain wolf full folds of sheep?
Hellen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my self would do.
The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting these Lovers time and place;
From thee the seed of all thy wrongs are grown:
Whose counsel hath she followed but thy own?
Alas what should she do? abroad thou art,
At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part:
To lie alone the poor wench is afraid,
In the next room an amorous stranger laid.
Her arms are open to imbrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy sin.
Neither the brisled Boar in his fierce wrath,
Torn by the ravenous Dogs more anger hath;

Be absent from her.

Ulysses.

Womans rage.

Nor Lioness when with milk her dugs do ake,
Seeking her loft whelps, hid within some brake;
Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom some unwary heel hath crush't and beaten;
Than a fierce woman shews her self in mind,
Her dearest in aduherous armes to find:
Oh then she swells, her fir'd eye burns apace,
And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
Through Swords, through Flames she rushes, there's no ill
So grievous, but she acts it with her will:
This breaks all mutual love though well compounded,
This destroys all, though we're so firmly grounded.
Medea did her Husbands guilt repay,
And with her bloody hand *Absirtus* slay.
Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another:
Before her transformation a fierce Mother:
And that the deeds may yet be understood,
The feathers of her breast were stain'd with blood.
But for all this I task not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make Election:
You Gods defend the Fords should prove so deep,
These married men have much ado to keep.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceal it,
And by no brags or foolish boasts reveal it.
Meet at no certain hour, give no known gift,
Thy usual place of meeting often shift:
It may be shroud disturbers some may send thee,
And spials may be set to apprehend thee.
And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,
Before thou sendst some, take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd, makes war still moving sorro
Who late from others grief their mirth did borrow.

Whilst *Agamemnon* liv'd with one consented,
His wife was chast and never it repented:
His secret blows her heart did so provoke,
Wanting a sword she with his Scabbard stroke.
She heard of *Chryseis* and the many jars,
About *Lyrnesus* to encrease the wars:
And therefore meer revenge the Lady charms,
To take *Thyestes* in her amorous arm.
If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumstance 'pears too apparent:
Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not so.
Be not too sad or of too mirthful chear,
Lest in thy countenance thy deeds appear.
In thy close meetings use thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bold intruder be.
And after so repulsed scale the Fort,
But venture not too rashly on thy sport.
Many there be by whose unskilful motions,
You are prescribed strange drugs and divers potions
To make you lusty; they are poysons all
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting Nettle-seeds they mix,
Of bastard pellitory some few sticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk up clear,
Makes sprightful men aloft their standards bear.
The Goddess that beneath high *Ayx* reigns
Unto her pleasure no such blood constrains:
White skallions brought you from *Megara* ear,
With Garden sage make Sallets to thy meat.
Take new laid Eggs, fresh Honey from the Bees,
Pine apple Nuts full ripe, eat such as these; (gigle.
This wholesome fare breeds nought corrupt or tra-
What hath my art to do with hellish Magick?

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,
Turn from that course, boast and in it take pride:
Nor blame the lightness of thy Tutors mind,
You see we do not sail still with one wind,
Sometimes the East, and when his fury fails,
West, North and South by turn do fill our sayls:
The Chariot-driver sometimes slacks his Reins,
Sometimes again his Horses he restrains.
Many there be which calmness much doth blind,
And if they find a Rival, grow unkind:
Prosperity makes humane minds grow rank,
Themselves to know, or their great God to thank.
Nor is it held an easie task to find
Men that all fortunes bear with equal mind.
As fire, his strength being wasted, hides his head
In the white ashes, sleeping though not dead;
But when a sudden blast doth come by chance,
Then fire and light all wake as from a trance,
So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt,
Love must be quickned even as fire is wont.
Make her to fear and to look pale sometime,
By shewing her some instance of thy crime,
Which she suspected erst; in some strange veins,
Must she abide whilst she thy guile complains.
No sooner the report of this assails her,
But colour, voyce, and every sense streight fails her.
Then I am he whose face she madly tears,
Whom she desires to have streight by the ears.
Hate me she must, and yet, good God, she may not,
Without me live she will (alas) but cannot.
Dwell not upon this passion, but at length
Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:
By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
Drying the tears that trickle down her face.

Kiſs her yet weeping, her yet weeping ſhow
All the proud ſweets the Queen of love doth know.
This makes true concord in her greateſt rage,
Theſe ſports alone her paſſion can aſſwage.
Peace goes unarm'd and knows not warlike faſhions,
This happy peace is known among all Nations:
Doves by their mutt'ring ſongs ſhew their good wills,
But now they fought, and now they joyn their bills.
The firſt confuſed Maſs no order knew,
Earth, Sea and Heaven, had all one face, one hew:
Streight was the Heaven, the Earths large covering
The Shore girt in the Sea, not to invade (made,
Either in others bounds, then *Chaos* ceaſt,
And each thing in their ſeveral part increaſt:
The woods receive the beaſts, air the birds take,
Fiſh the Sea chooſe, and the dry Land forſake.
Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
Meer ſtrength his body rules, meer luſt his heart.
Groves were his Cities, ſhadowed boughs his dwelling,
Water his drink, all other drinks excelling.
And long it was ere man the woman knew,
Till pleaſure did their appetites purſue,
And then upon theſe unknown ſweets ſhe venter'd
Where many an unfact fort was ſcal'd and enter'd.
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,
But lay with her, and liv'd without a tutor;
Even ſo one Bird doth with another toy,
And the male fiſh doth with the female joy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, Serpents too
Are with the Serpents held their feat to do:
The Hounds in their adulterate parts were faſt,
The joyful Ewe receives the ram at laſt.
The Cow with loſty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the rank he-Goat finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant Horſes courage
Swims over Fords, and doth large Paſtures forrage.
To thy offended love give this ſtrong potion,
And perfect friendſhip ſtraight ſucceeds the motion.
This Medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then, others it far excells.
As I was writing, lo the God of fire
Appears, and with his thumb he ſtroke his lire:
In his right hand a branch of Lawrel grew,
A Lawrel chaplet I might likewiſe view
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
This ſhews the Sun God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after moving of his head thus ſpake,
Miſtriſs of Love, thy amorous Scholars take,
And lead them to my Temple built on high,
There is an old Sun known in every skie,
Which by his Characters doth plainly ſhow
That every man muſt learn himſelf to know,
Alone he wiſely loves that can do ſo.
He that is fair may ſhew his amorous face,
Whoſe skin is white, to do his colour grace,
Lie naked with his neck and ſhoulders bare;
Let him ſhun ſilence, whoſe diſcourſe is rare.
He that ſings, ſing by art, that drinks drink too
By art, and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the Learned in their words declame,
Nor the vain Poet prate of his own fame,
So *Phœbus* warns, *Phœbus* himſelf hath ſaid it,
And his brave words are worthy to have credit.
To come more near; the Lover that loves wiſely,
If theſe my precepts he obſerve preciſely,
Shall reach his wiſh. Th' earth brings not ſtill increaſe,
Ships when the winds keep in, their courſe do ceaſe.

Few

Few be our helps, but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let ſtill doubles.
A lover muſt endure much grief beſides,
For every Hare in *Atho* that abides,
For every Berry that the Olive yields,
For every ſpike of graſs ſprung in the fields,
For every ſhell ſtrow'd on the ſalt Sea ſhore,
Love hath one grief to taſte, and ten griefs more.
Art'told, that ſhe abroad but now did wander,
Yet in the window ſeeſt her with her Pander?
Blame thou thine eyes, for it ſhall much avail thee,
Think not that news, but that thy eye-ſight fail'd thee.
Locks ſhe the door ſhe promis'd to leave open?
O think not ſhe deceitfully hath ſpoken.
Take up thy lodging, make thy bed the floor,
Thy pillow the cold threſhold of the door.
Perhaps a Maid from high may caſt a flout,
And ask what's he doth keep the gates without.
Yet both the Maid and rude poſts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the ſcars and portals with Roſe-water.
If ſhe call, come: If bid thee go, then trudge.
Rails ſhe upon thee, doth ſhe call thee drudge?
Nay doth ſhe know thee? bear it, it is meet,
Nor ſcorn it though ſhe bid thee kiſs her feet.
I dwell on trifles, greater matters hear,
To which though people lend a general ear:
On ſtricter impoſitions now we enter.
Virtue is ſtill imployed on hard adventer.
A rival brook, do this, and by *Joves* power,
Thou art enthron'd a Conquerour in his tower.
O think me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough hew'd Oak doth this hard Doctrine preach,

This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee,
If ſhe defie thee, bear it, if ſhe ſhows thee
Her hand, forbear to read it, every day,
When ſhe calls, come; when ſhe commands thee, ſtay;
Thus even the married, to lead peaceful lives,
Are oft enforc'd to endure of their fair wives.
I am not perfect, I muſt needs confeſs,
In this my art, though I this art profeſs.
What ſhall I then? my word I cannot keep,
I have no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deep.
Shall any kiſs my Lady I being by,
And to his throat ſhall I not madly fly?
Shall any beckon to her and I bear it?
Shall any court her and I ſtand to hear it?
I ſaw one kiſs my Miſtreſs, I complained,
And anger all my vital ſpirits conſtrained.
My love alas for Barbariſme abound,
And doth my wits and ſpirits whole confound:
That wittal is much better skil'd than I,
Who ſees ſuch ſights, and patiently ſtands by.
To keep the room where ſuch things are in place,
Deſpoils the front of ſhamefallneſs and grace.
Then oh you young men, though you come to view,
Your looks beguile you, do not think it true.
Againſt all cenſures I ever hold this plea,
It is not good to take them *Rem* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutual guilt makes them the ofter ſtrike.
This tale to Heaven is blaz'd, how unawares
Venus and *Mars* were ta'en in *Vulcans* ſnares:
The God of war doth in his brow diſcover,
The perfect and true pattern of a Lover,
Nor could the Goddeſs *Venus* be ſo cruel,
To deny *Mars*: ſoft kindneſs is a Jewel

In

In any woman, and does become her well,
In this the Queen of love doth most excel.
(Oh God) how often have they mockt and flouted
The Smiths polt-foot, which nothing them misdoub-
Made jests by him and by his begrim'd trade, (ted
And his smudg'd visage black with cole-dust made?
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limp, and halt and draw
One foot behind another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odd and uneven pace.
Their meeting first they did conceal with fear,
From every searching eye and list'ning ear.
The God of war and his lascivious Dame
In publick view were full of bashful shame.
But the Sun spies how this sweet pair agree,
Oh what bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee?
The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,
And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sun! what bad example dost thou show,
What thou in secret seest, must all men know?
For silence ask a bribe from her fair treasure, (sure.
She'l grant thee that shall make thee swell with plea-
The God whose face is smudg'd with smoak and fire,
Placeth about the bed a Net of wire,
So quaintly made that it deceives the eye.
Streight as he feigns to *Lemnos* he must hie:
The Lovers meet where he the train hath set,
And both lay catch't within the wiery Net.
he calls the Gods, the lovers naked sprawle
And cannot rise; the Queen of love shews all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lye, in vain they kick and winch.
Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Amongst

Amongst these high spectators one by chance,
That saw them naked in this pitsal dance,
Thus to himself said, If that it tedious be,
Good God of war bestow thy place on me.
Scarce at thy prayers, God *Neptune*, he unbound them,
But would have left them as the God there found them.
The nets unti'd, *Mars* straight repairs to *Crete*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee *Vulcan*? shall I tell thee,
Unto more grief and rage it will compel thee:
The publick meeting which at first shame covers·
Is now made free; who knows not they be Lovers:
There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,
Worse than they have been, how should they be sham'd?
Of thy rash deed it often doth repent thee,
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee.
This I forbid you, so doth *Venus* too,
It harmed her, and she forwarns it you.
Lay for thy rival then no secret snares.
Nor intercept his tokens unawares:
Let those close pranks by such just men be tri'd,
That are by fire and water purifi'd.
Behold once more I give you all to know,
Save wanton loves my art doth nothing show.
No govern'd Matron well and chastly guided
Here protest is in my verse derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare smile,
Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Isle?
Silence is held a virtue, silence then:
Tel-tales and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates such men.
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in Hell,
And there must ever and for ever dwell;

Hungry,

Hungry, whilſt ripened fruit hangs by his lip;
Thirſty, whilſt water by his chin doth ſlip.
But *Venus* more deſires than any other,
Her ſecret myſteries and rites to ſmother.
I charge you let no Tel-tales hither come,
Such amongſt many there muſt needs be ſome:
Hide her reports from every ear that liſts,
And lock her ſecrets up in brazen Cheſts.
In their new births till pleaſures buried lie,
'Twixt us they grow, betwixt us let them die.
Her naked parts if ſhe to any ſhows,
Her readieſt hand to ſhadow them ſhe throws.
The ſhameleſs beaſts in common fields do ſtray,
And act their generation at noon day,
Which Maids by chance eſpying, cry Oh ſpight,
And through their fingers look to ſee the ſight.
But when our Lover with his Miſtriſs meets,
Have beds and doors ſhut 'twixt them and the ſtreets;
With cloaths and veils their nakedneſs they ſhroud,
Wiſhing the bright Sun hid behind ſome cloud,
Even in thoſe days when men on Acorns fed,
And the green turffe was made the general bed,
When no thatcht Cottage or poor houſe was builded,
By which from heat of cold they might be ſhielded,
Into the woods and caves the people went,
And their ſweet pleaſures there remotely ſpent.
In the Suns preſence they ſhew'd nothing bare:
The rudeſt and moſt barbarous had this care,
As loth the day ſhould view their publick ſhames.
Now to their nightly actions they give names,
Bargains and price is made in all their doings,
And nothing coſts us dearer than our woings.
Let not thy talk be when thou com'ſt in place,
To ſay that this, or that wench did me grace:

Or point then with thy finger; it may fall,
Thus thou maist lose her whom thou lov'st and all.
Others there be from street to street do wander,
And innocent women in their shops do slander.
Forging of them they know not, many a lye,
Which were they true they gladly would deny:
For who command not? Nay their spoil is such,
Whose breast they cannot fold, their names they touch
Go then thou odious Pander thou keepst whores,
A thousand locks hang fast upon thy doors:
Part of her honest canst thou keep within,
When her whole name abroad is full of sin?
Necessary observations in a lover.
Do not their wanton wishes make them naught,
When they desire to be as they are thought?
Sincerest Lovers we sparingly do teach,
Yet like no publick craft their names impeach.
Dissemble every fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections:
I wish you rather smother them, than blame them,
They love if you praise them, hate if shame them.
Andromache was belly, sides, and back
To *Perseus* seen, he did not term her black.
Andromache was of too huge a stature,
One loving *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature,
And lik'd herself. What is at first despised.
Seems not so gross when men be well advised.
Continence and acquaintance wears away
Such spots as are apparent the first day.
A young plant cloathed in a tender rind,
Cannot withstand the fury of the wind,
But when his bark is grown, he scorns each blast,
In spight of whom he grows and bears at last:
Every succeeding week and following day,
Take from acquainted looks a stain away,

And

And what to day a gross blot thou wouldst guess,
To morrow in thy eye appears much less.
Young Heifers cannot be induc'd to bear
The rank and lusty Bull for the first year:
But their Society acquaints the smell,
After continuance they can brook it well.
Then favour their disgraces and relieve them,
Blemishes help by the good names you give them.
To her whose skin is black as *Ebon* was,
I've said ere now, Oh 'tis a good brown lass.
Or if she look asquint, as I am true,
So *Venus* looks: if she be black of hew,
Pale, for the world *Pallas*: be she grown
Yellow, by Heavens *Minerva* up and down:
If she be tall, then for her height commend her;
She that is lean like envy, term her slender:
She that is dwarfish, name her light and quick,
And call her neat, well set that's grubbed thick.
She that is puft like *Boreas* in the cheek,
It but full fac'd and *Daphne* she is like.
Thus qualifie their faults, not to disgrace them,
But in a higher rank of beauty place them.
Or hap'nest thou of one but dim of sight,
Wrinkled her brow, her grisled hair turn'd white,
Her Nose and Chin half met? She would take scorn
To tell who Consul was when she was born.
Then if to such thy love thou wilt engage,
Look that at no time thou dost ask her age.
Though she want teeth and have a fluttering tongue,
Yet she takes pains to be accounted young.
This is the age, young men, that brings the gain
And plenteous harvest of the spring-tides pain.
Imploy your selves then in your youth and strength,
Age with a soft pace steals on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou thy youth at sea or till the land,
Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand:
Follow the wars, beget towns, or lye in trenches,
Or if not so, then learn to love fair wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
And even by this imployment wealth is gained:
Such discipline, such practice must be used
By us, as those who hostile arms have chused.
Some women by their industry and pains,
The loss of years recovers and regains:
Times speedy course is by their art controld,
They can preserve themselves from being old.
Their amorous pastimes and lascivious plays,
They shape and fashion many thousand ways:
With fundry pleasures they their trade commix,
And every several day devise new tricks:
They can provoke the appetite and please it,
Conjure the spirit up and straight appease it.
But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,
Women and men should both of even hands share.
I hate the bed that yields not mutual joys,
And that's the cause I love not jugling boys:
I hate t'embrace her, that no spirit will use,
Yielding no more than what she cannot chuse.
I like not pleasure, though I like the beauty,
Lasses of Love perform not but of duty:
Duty away, I banish thee the place,
Where mutual Lovers mutual sweets embrace.
Let me the musick of her soft voice hear,
Whispering her ravish't pleasures in my ear,
To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
And tir'd with that, to try some other way,
Let me behold her eyes turn up the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languish in delights,

These prodigal pleasures nature hath not given,
To the first age a little above seven.
The wine that from the unripe grape is prest,
Is tart and sowr, the mellow wine rasts best:
The palm tree till it hath a well grown rind,
Cannot withstand the violence of the wind.
The mead new mown doth prick the feet that's bare.
I grant thee young *Hermione* was fair:
But to prefer the girl before the mother,
The beauteous *Hellen*; neither one nor other
Can so blaspheme: here's *Gorge* some adore her:
But who praise her before the Saint that bore her?
Now I suppose ripe fruits I most approve,
And in my thoughts I covet mellowed love.
Yon bed new tost, behold where it discovers,
The curtains being drawn to wanton lovers:
There stay my muse, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they both can speak and speed.
Without thy help kind words will quickly pass
Betwixt the Lover and his amorous Lasse.
Without thy help their hands will nimbly creep,
And in each privy place their office keep.
Nay every finger will it self imploy,
To add increase to thy imperfect joy:
Handling those parts where love his darts doth hide.
This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tri'd;
Andromache to this of force must yield,
His valour was not only in the field:
This stout *Achilles* of his love desired,
When with the slaughter of his enemies tired,
He unarm'd his back, his belly, and his head;
To tumble with her on a down soft bed;
Thou didst rejoyce, *Briseis*, to embrace
His bruised corps, and kiss his blood-stain'd face.

Theſe warlike hands that did but late embrew
Themſelves in blood of *Trojans* whom they ſlew,
Were now imploy'd to tickle, touch and feel,
And ſhake a Lance that hath no point of ſteel:
Believe me, for I ſpeak as I have taſted,
The ſports of *Venus* are not to be haſted.
They ſhould be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much ſpeed much of the ſport is wronged,
When thou by chance haſt hit upon the place,
Which being toucht a Girl ſtill hides her face;
Forbear not though ſhe bluſh and ſpring and kick.
And tumbling ſhew thee many a gamble trick.
Thou ſhalt behold her ſtraightly ſtill amazed,
Her eyes with a laſcivious tincture glazed,
Affording a ſtrange kind of humid light,
As when the Moon in water ſhines by night.
Let neither amorous words ceaſe their inchanting,
Murmur nor whiſpering ſounds of joys be wanting;
Yea there let every ſweet content reſort,
Every word, deed or thought that furthers ſport.
Let not thy Miſtriſs uſe too ſwift a tail,
Nor let thy haſt beyond her ſpeed prevail:
Both keep one courſe, your Oars together ſtrike,
Your journeys on then, make your pace alike.
Together ſtrive at once, win to the mark,
You may no queſtion grope it in the dark;
Then is the fulneſs of all ſweet content,
When both at once ſtrive, both at once are ſpent.
Such courſe obſerve when as the time is free;
And that no jealous eyes attend on thee:
Being ſecure no future danger near,
Then thou mayſt boldly dally without fear.
But if thou beeſt not ſafe and haſt ſhort leiſure,
Doubtful to be diſturbed amidſt thy pleaſure,

Make

Make then what ſpeed thou canſt, uſe all thy force
And clap a ſharp ſpur to a jade pack Horſe.
My work is at an end, the palm bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee.
How much renown'd great *Polydarus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phyſick did ſurpaſs,
As famous as great *Neſtor* for his age,
Or ſtrong *Achilles* for his warlike rage:
As much extol'd as *Calchas* for his charms,
Or *Telemonius Ajax* by his arms;
As for his Chariot-skill *Automedon*,
So great in Love ſhall I be cenſur'd on.
Canonize me your Poet, give me praiſe,
And crown my temples with freſh wreaths of bays:
Let this my laud in every mouth be ſung,
And my fame's clangor through the whole Earth rung.
I give you armour, ſuch God *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed,
And ſo do ye; but whatſoever he be,
That by my arms ſubdues his enemy,
This Motto let him give, Lo here's a Laſs
By *Ovid* my *Arts-maſter* conquered was.
Behold young *Wenches* likewiſe crave my skill,
They ſhall be next inſtructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD

BOOK.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greek* to field is gone
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remain
For thee *Penthesilea* and thy train.
Go arm'd alike, fight, and they overcome,
Whom sacred *Venus* favours and her Son:
It were not meet poor naked Girls should stand,
To encounter men provided hand to hand.
To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men.
O but some say, why *Ovid* should thy Pen
Put Poyson into Snakes, or give to keep
Unto the ravenous Woolf a fold of Sheep?
Oh for some few offenders do not blame
All of their Sex, let not a general shame
For some few faulters their whole brood inherit,
But every one be censured as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* had their lives
Endangered both by falshood of their wives;
Though false *Eryphile* her Husband sold
To *Polynices* for a chain of Gold:
Yet did the fair *Penelope* live chast,
While twice five years her Royal Lord did wast

In

In bloody battles; and as many more,
Wandring through every sea and unknown shore.
So did the chast *Phyllacides*, and she,
The partner of her Husbands grief to be,
Went with him as his page a redious way;
And in the travel died before her day:
Oh happy *Pheretiades*, thy wife
From death redeemed thee with her own life.
Receive me oh you flames, did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me dye:
And with that word she skips into the fire.
All fair endowments that we can desire,
Reign in a womans breast; no marvail then
They with adorned virtues please us men:
But these chast minds my art enjoyneth not,
A softer sail will serve to guide my boat:
Nothing but wanton love flows from my brains,
How pretty wenches may escape mens trains.
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both unto her sweet-heart run:
So will not men: poor girles by them are scoft,
Many times men fail, maids sometimes, not oft.
False *Jason* left *Medea* and her charms,
To clasp another Mistriss in his arms.
As much as in thy power, false *Theseus* lay,
Bright *Ariadne* was a woful prey
To the Sea fowls and Monsters, left alone
In a remote place friendless and unknown.
Many uncertain ways hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
And though *Æneas* had a firname good,
He left his sword to let out *Didos* blood.
But what destroys you Ladies can you tell?
You know not how to love, or fashion well

Your

Your thoughts to art, Love artlels ſtand unſure,
Art with love temper'd is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queen
Of ſacred Love was in my viſion ſeen:
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart
To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſpake, How have poor maids miſdone,
That they 'gainſt armed men muſt naked run?
Two Books have given men weapons in their hands,
The whilſt our fearful Sex unarmed ſtands:
He that rebuk'd Queen *Leda's* lewd deſire,
Since ſung her praiſe unto a ſweeter lire:
Thy ſelf examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage,
This having ſaid, ſhe took from off her brow
A myrtle wreath, for in a myrtle bow
Her hair was twiſted up, and gave to me
Of leaves and ſeeds a little quantity.
Straight in my brain I felt a power divine,
Whilſt in the place a purer air did ſhine;
And all the cares that hung upon my heart,
Even at that inſtant I might feel depart.
My wits at ripeſt are; wenches come thick:
Receive my precepts whilſt my wits are quick.
Firſt think how old age hourly doth attend
To ſteal upon thee, ſo be ſure to ſpend
No ſeaſon idle, thou art young, then play,
Years like the running waters glide away.
Thou canſt not ſtay the flood, it ſtreams ſo faſt,
Nor pull the ſhort hours back when they are paſt:
Make uſe of time, for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet,
As the firſt pleaſure was; have I not ſeen
This now a withered ſtalk, once freſh and green?

From

From that bare thorn within not many hours,
I had a chaplet of ſweet ſmelling Flowers:
The time ſhall come when thou that doſt exclude
Such Lovers from thy doors as would intrude,
Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,
Stretching thy ſtiff limbs on a frosty bed:
Nor in the night ſhalt thou be rais'd up late
By ſuch as knock and thunder at the gate;
Nor in the morning when the Cock hath crowed,
Find porch and threſhold with freſh Roſes ſtrowed:
How ſoon alas doth cleareſt colour fade,
How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made!
Look on thy lock, and thou wilt ſadly ſwear,
Age hath too ſoon ſnow'd on thy golden hair.
Snakes throw their age off when they change their skin;
Harts when they caſt their heads, freſh ſtrength begin,
And ſo to th' eye they never aged grow:
Ye have no heads to caſt, no skins to throw,
Your good ſtes helpleſs, therefore pluck the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hour:
In many Child-birth age is quickly crept,
Fields ſoon grow lean, that are ſo often reapt.
You ſee *Endymion* by the Moon lov'd ſtill,
Nor doth ſhe bluſh thereat; and by thy will,
Aurora, thou wouldſt ever have the name
Of *Cephalus* thy dear, nor thinkſt it ſhame,
Not mentioning *Adonis*, on whoſe heartſe
Venus herſelf hung many a tragick verſe,
Tell us by whom you Queen born of the ſea,
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*?
Oh mortal generations follow theſe,
And practiſe after them being goddeſſes:

Do not deny your raviſhing pleaſures, when
They are beſought you by deſirous men.
Tell me what loſe you by it? what thou haſt,
Thou art poſſeſt of ſtill, and feel'ſt no waſt:
Take thence a thouſand ſweets, be not afraid,
Thou keepſt thy own, and nothing is decaid.
Stones are by uſe made ſoft, iron worn to droſs,
That never wears, and therefore finds no loſs.
Who will deny us at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burn as bright?
Or who would ſtrive in their own power to keep,
All the ſpare billows in the vaſty deep?
Yet will a woman plead her love is rare,
And in her plenty ſhe hath nought to ſpare.
Oh tell me why ſo ſtrange a doubt thou mak'ſt,
Doſt thou but loſe the water that thou tak'ſt?
I ſpeak not this to proſtrate every one,
But leſt you fear vain loſs, where loſs is none.
Now greater guſts my ſwelling ſail muſt ſtrain,
Being from the ſhore new lancht into the main:
Neatneſs required in a woman.
First with their neatneſs I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prun'd affords us choice of wine:
And in a field well till'd the corn grows tall.
Shape is the gift of God; none amongſt you all,
But in their ſhapes take pride: nay there be many
Proud of their ſavour, when they ſcarce have any.
Proportion even the greateſt number want,
But art ſupplies where nature hath been ſcant.
Care marrs the face, the face a while neglected
Will grow to ruine, and be nought reſpected.
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repair:
Elſe had the men of former ages ſpent
Their years without their wonted ornament.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad
In manly robes, no marvail, for she had
A souldier to her husband: If you see
The wife of *Ajax* jet it valiantly,
No marvail, for she was his wife that bare
A shield of seven Ox-hides thick tan'd with hair.
The world was plain, simple and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with Gold;
And shines in Glory with the bright reflection:
All the worlds wealth is under her subjection,
Behold the Capitol, and thou wilt say,
In these great *Jove* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
This gorgeous Court and Council-house was framed
Out of meer stubble when King *Tatius* reigned.
These gorgeous Palaces that 'gainst the Sun
Do now so shine, were when they first begun,
A pasture for draught Oxen. Let them ease
Their thoughts with ancient times, whom old times
I thank the Gods I in this age was born, (please.
These times my humour fit, old days I scorn.
Not because Gold in the earths veins are sought,
Or shells, or stones from forraign shores are brought,
Nor because marble from the hills is dig'd,
Or voyage ships to unknown seas are rigd.
But because ancient sordidness is gon,
And gallantry has general credit won,
Hang in your ears bright stones, but not too dear,
Such as from *Indits* brought are sold you here.
Go not too grave, nor over rich array'd,
By costly garbs are many beggars made.
Neatness we love, your hair in order tye,
To keep it within Law thy hands apply.
Nor is there only one kind of attire,
The fashion that becomes thee best, desire.

Prove every ſhape, but ere it currant paſs,
See thou before take counſel from thy Glaſs.
A long and ſlender viſage beſt allows
To have the hair part, juſt above the brows.
So *Laodamia* ſirnam'd the fair,
Us'd when ſhe walk'd abroad to truſs her hair.
A round plump face muſt have her trammels tied
In a faſt knot above, her front to hide,
The wier ſupporting it, whilſt either ear,
Bare and in ſight upon each ſide appear.
Some Ladies locks about their ſhoulders fall,
And hanging looſe become them beſt of all:
So *Phœbus* look't when laſt he toucht his Lute.
That other Lady doth her habit ſuit
With chaſt *Diana*, being trickt to go
To ſtrike the ſavage Bore or tameleſs Roe.
She when her hair hangs looſe hath greateſt pride,
This beſt becomes her when her locks are tyed;
You, when her head-tire i- like a tortoiſe ſhell,
Is rooſt and vaulted well, beſeems it well:
More leaves the Forreſt yields not from the trees,
More beaſts the *Alps* breed not, nor *Hybla* bees,
Than there be faſhions of attire in view,
Every ſucceeding day adds ſomething new.
Many become their tire beſt when they wear
Inſtead of ſpruceneſs a neglected hair:
And being comb'd but now, yet thou ſhalt ſay,
Her hair hath not been toucht ſince yeſterday.
Art doth much change, ſo did *Alcides* ſee
Io attir'd, and ſaid this wench's for me.
So *Gnoſſis* whom the God of Grapes commended,
When by his ſhouting *Satyres* being attended,
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind ſhifted.
With ſcattered hair her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh Nature are we bound to thee,
That finds for every grief a remedy?
And as our shapes and colour suffer crosse,
Yet thou hast in thee to repair that losse.
Say that by age or some great sickness had,
Thy head with wonted hair be thinly clad:
Falling away like corn from ripened sheaves,
As thick as *Boreas* blows down *Autumn* leaves.
By *German* herbs thou maist thy hair restore,
And hide the bare scalp that was bald before.
Women have known this art, and of their crew
Many false colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more than can be told,
Walk in such hair as they have bought for Gold:
Hair is good Merchandize and grown a trade,
Markets and publick traffick thereof made.
Nor do they blush to cheapen it among
The thickest number and the rudest throng;
Nay even before *Alcides* sacred flames,
And in the presence of the vestal Dames.
To leave their hair and speak of their attire:
I do not trails or purfled guards desire;
Nor robes of blushing scarlet prised high,
Whose wooll is twice dipt in the *Tyrian* dye:
Look but abroad and thou maist in a trice
Find lighter colours and of far less price.
Were it not madness thou in scorn of lack,
Shouldst wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back?
Behold the colour of the azure air,
When in the cloudless day the skie is fair,
And the South wind brings on the earth no showers.
As once it did what time one flow devours
Phryxus and *Helles*: such a colour chuse,
'Tis neat and cheap, but costly dyes refuse:

To help the defects of natur

That pretty colour imitates the waves,
And from their sea-green drops a name it craves.
In this the young *Nymphs* went apparel'd most.
This saffron imitates of no great cost,
And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
That every morning decks fair *Phœbus* steeds:
Else such a dye as *Paphian myrtles* yield,
Or such as purple *Amethysts*, or a field
Where nothing save the milk-white roses grow,
Or such an hue as *Thracian Cranes* do show.
Let not, fair *Amaryllis*, wanting be
Thy ackorns or the blooms of *Almond* tree;
All these of several coloured juice be full,
And with these several colours stain the wool.
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring
In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring
To deck the earth with: full so many hues,
The thirsty wool doth drink and none refuse.
'Mongst which fair women our of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complexions.
She that is brown let her attire be white:
Briseis wore a robe of colour light,
When she was ravisht; others that are fair,
Let their attire be black as *Sables* are:
Swarthy *Andromed* wore a milk white smock,
When she was tied half naked to the rock.
As I have oft admonished, so see
No rank and goatish smell about you be;
Either in armpits or elsewhere; and hair
Upon your legs and thighs must not appear.
I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred,
Or such as drink of *Mysus*; but instead
Of barbarous trulls, to you brave girls of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your doom.

To suit their attire to their complexions.

I now inſtruct you how your teeth to fret,
Leſt in their uſe ſome ſurdneſs they do get:
To rinſe your mouths in water: you have wit
To apprehend my words; betimes to ſit
And in the morning take away the ſlime,
Which makes the white teeth ſubject to ſuch crime.
Let ſuch whoſe cheeks are of hew black and ſwart,
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
Art likewiſe fills the wrinkles in the brows;
A skin of died red leather art allows,
To rub your faces with; nor hold it ſhame
To kindle in your eyes a ſpark of flame,
It may be done with ſaffron, which like corn
Grows near bright *Cydnus* whereas thou wert born.
I have a little book in ſubſtance ſmall,
And yet a work of weight writ to you all,
The Treatiſe is unto your general graces,
How you by art may beſt preſerve your faces:
You whoſe rare beauties have receiv'd a ſcar,
Seek thence your helps, receipts there written are.
You may there find how to reſtore your bloods,
My art was never idle for your goods.
Beware leſt that by chance your boxes ly
Upon the table, and your Loves paſs by:
Throw them aſide, art ſpreads her ſafeſt net
When ſhe is with moſt cunning counterfeit.
Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,
They will offend ſuch as behold thy face;
Corrupting the beholder with ſuch motion,
If he ſhould ſee thy garments ſtand with lotion.
How doth the greaſie rank wools ſmell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* ſend?
Yet it is good for uſe: Not before men.
Uſe thou Dears marrow good for medicin;

To keep their teeth

Chee

Nor before men in preſence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harſh to him that ſeeth.
Many things which in doing we deteſt,
Being once done they oft-times pleaſe us beſt.
Theſe ſtately pillars in iron carv'd and wrought,
Were a confuſed rock; this ring he brought
To that good form, was once unfaſhioned ore;
The coſtly cloth thou weareſt, a rough ſheep bore.
The curious picture of fair *Venus* was
Before the cutting an unpoliſht maſs.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee ſleeping,
Thy hand, thy box, thy glaſs their office keeping.
Why ſhould I know how thou art grown ſo fair?
Shut faſt the forge where beauties framed are.
For many things there be men ſhould not know;
The greateſt part of them if you ſhould ſhow,
They ſhould offend them much; ſpare not to ſhroud
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden enſigns yonder that appear
So ſplendid in the gorgeous Theater;
See what thin leaves of Gold foil gild the wood,
Making the columns ſeem all maſſy good:
Yet are the audience of all ſight debarred,
Until the ſhows and ſights be full prepared.
Note. So in thy preparation mark this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote:
Obſerve Yet ſometimes if thy head be wondrous fair,
this Even before men 'tis good to comb thy hair.
Poet. The hair a beauty hath which much beſots,
Being tyed and wreath'd in pleats and comely knots.
Man. But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the faſting and untying:
Still when thou goeſt to dreſs thy ſelf, be ſafe;
I hate thoſe ſullen pettiſh things that chafe

At

At every idle croſs, who ſcratch and bite,
And with their nails and bodkins pinch and fight:
Wounding themſelves in anger; rending, tearing
The wires, the tires, the ruffs which they be wearing,
She that is badly haired, let her before
She dreſs herſelf, ſet watch ſtill at the door.
Upon the ſudden 'twas my chance one day
To preſs into the place, where my ſweet heart lay:
When wondring ſhe un'wares was thurſt upon,
Snatcht up her hair and put the wrong ſide on.
Like cauſe of ſhame let come unto my foe
And ſuch diſgrace unto the *Parthians* go.
A ſcalded beaſt, fields that no graſs will bear,
Trees without leaves, and heads that have no hair,
Are odious to the eye: none of you three,
Europa, *Leda*, or fair *Semele*,
Were ſubject to this want, or me did need,
The help of phyſick in this point to read:
Nor *Helen* thou whom with adviſement deep
Menelaus asks; the *Trojan* ſtill doth keep.
The wanton wenches in full troops paſs hither,
Good, bad, fair, foul, of all ſorts flock together
And come to be inſtructed; amongſt which
Oft times the fair be poor, the foul be rich.
And yet the fairеſt have of me leaſt need.
Their beauty is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts far. The ſea being calm and clear,
The ſecure Seaman all his ſails may bear.
But when it ſwells and is diſturb'd apart,
The troubled Pilot muſt try all his art.
Of every little mole be thou not ſqueamiſh,
Tis hard to find a face that hath no blemiſh.
Yet ſhalt thou ſeek to hide the leaſt diſgrace,
Either in thy proportion or thy face.

If thou beest short, thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest took to fit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed,
Lest that thy stature there be measured.
Love Dwarf, observe my words, I hold it meet,
To have some garment thrown upon thy feet.
She that is slender and no cloaths can fill,
Her double plated gown must sit by skill,
To make her portly, whilst a robe unbound
From her two shoulders falls unto the ground.
She that is pale, with purple stain her cheeks;
She that is black the fish of *Pharos* seeks,
A splay mishapen foot in white shoes hide,
And let dryed legs wear a rich garter ti'd.
Let such whose shoulder-blades stand much in sight
Wear boulster'd gowns to make them seem upright.
About a faint and slender body wear
A flannel swathband or warm stomacher.
Such whose fat hands are itchy in the joynt,
When they discourse let them not use to point.
You that have stinking breaths must not speak fasting,
But help themselves by some good breakfast tasting,
Else chew a clove, the strength of it to break,
Or keep some distance off still when you speak.
Or if thy teeth in wide uneven ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black, or too great in show,
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shews the teeth.
Who would believe this wonder? yet 'tis true,
Maids may be taught to laugh, and to eschew
Uncomely mouths and harsh tricks of the face:
In laughing is much comelineſs and grace:
Be moderate in thy fleering, there's a feat
To be observed in that; make not too great

The

The hollow pits mirth digs in every cheek,
To hide thy gums let both thy red lips meet.
Nor do thou stretch thy entrails by constraining
Thy self unto loud laughter: neither feigning
A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
Sound out a womanish noise I know not what.
Look but on them that with loud yalling force
Antique and perverse faces that shews worse
And there is such a colle with wry mouths
That when they laugh, a man would swear they
Many with untun'd clamour hoarse and shrill,
Bawl as the slow Asse brays out of the mill.
What cannot art? women are taught to weep,
And in their look a sober form to keep:
To shape their eyes according to their passion,
Both at what time they please, and in what
Is there not grace in lisping to be found,
To give true words a forg'd imperfect sound,
Robbing the tongue his office in some parts?
Even in depraving words is sometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning scan,
Art taught to speak less perfect than they can.
Weigh these my words according to their worth,
And these being con'd take other lessons forth.
Learn how with womanish pace to use your gate,
In every step there is a kind of state.
Nor is there ought that yet my art discovers,
Which with more violence draws or drives back
Behold your Ladies gate the rest outstrips, (lovers
See with what cunning she doth move her hips:
And in the pride of steps how the cold wind
Swels her loose vails before her and behind.
This like the blushing wife of *umber* paceth,
Her full viewed legs at every stride she graceth.

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
Others a moderate pace doth best become,
[illegible] where the arm and shoulder parts,
[illegible] bare to wound the amorous hearts
[illegible] youths, this fashion understand
[illegible] not such whose skins be tan'd.
[illegible] have made me I protest,
[illegible] her shoulders and her breast.
[illegible] Monsters, whose sweet notes
[illegible] the wandering ships and boats:
[illegible] ears with wax they do not stop,
[illegible] charm'd to leap up from the hatches top.
[illegible] endowment, a sweet thing,
[illegible] then women learn to sing.
[illegible] girls by songs have won such gra-
[illegible] shrill tongues have prov'd bauds to their
[illegible] rehearse a speech brought from the play,
[illegible] some poem in the way.
[illegible] I would have thee know the skill,
[illegible] right hand to use a *Rebecks* quill,
[illegible] left a harp; when *Orpheus* plaid,
[illegible] and trees, and stones to dance he made:
[illegible] to hell no fiend durst stir
[illegible] power, nor tripple headed Cur.
[illegible] so justly dirst thy mother punish.
[illegible] thy Musick skill the world astonish:
[illegible] sweets walks that were by Musick rear'd,
[illegible] ry touch sweet harmony is heard.
[illegible] armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
[illegible] *Arion*, did he listen to thy Lute.
Learn Musick then; and hope to play upon
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Read

Read Poetry; the works of *Ceus* seek,
Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greek.
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
Read what lascivious *Sappho* else hath writ.
For what more wanton works than *Sappho* lives?
See what delight to thee *Propertius* gives.
Or if thy further leisure serve thee, look
In *Gallus* works, or in *Tibullus* book.
Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece
The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece.
Or read *Æneas* banishment from *Troy*,
Th'original of *Rome*: *Rome* doth enjoy
No books more famous. Haply to my grace
Some one may say, thou *Ovid* hast a place
Amongst the rest; thou and thy lines may sound
To after times, nor be in *Lethe* drown'd!
Or those three books which he *Amorum* calls,
Entituling them of love, which of them falls
Into thy handling first, that do thou chuse,
And lovingly my loving lines peruse.
Or with a compos'd voice my *Canto*'s sing,
The use of these Loves mistris first did bring,
To others yet unknown, oh *Phœbus* grant,
Grant this you Gods, whom sacred Poets haunt
With their oblations, grant these powers divine,
Thou God of Grapes, and you oh Muses nine.
Who doubts but I would have you learn to dance?
Measure and Galliards shall your name advance.
Command your arms and hands that they agree
Unto the motion of the foot and knee.
In moving of the body, hand and side,
The comick Actor cannot take more pride,

Nor

Nor uſe more art, the comelineſs of either
Concurrs, and I compare them both together.
Learn trivial ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames
To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games,
Yet 'long they to my art; then be not nice
ne. To learn to play at cockal or at dice;
How to caſt lots and chances, which to gueſs,
To play at draughts, at tables or at cheſs,
To uſe a racket or to toſs a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call:
To paſs the night at billiards till eleven,
At pickapandy, cards, or odd or even.
Play prepares love, your skill is not ſo needful,
As ought to be your looks and carriage heedful.
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame
The geſture and the countenance in your game:
Game makes us earneſt if we play with care,
Then will our open thoughts or breaſts lie bare,
And ſtraight we brawl and ſcold, a grievous ſtain,
And oft from giving blows we can't refrain.
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults, to chide and rail,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucks fail:
To vow or ſwear with proteſtations deep,
And in the heat of play to fret or weep,
Great *Jove* himſelf from you ſuch crimes expel,
Who covet ſuitors, and to pleaſe them well.
Nature theſe trivial ſports to women lends.
A freer ſcope of paſtime ſhe extends
By much unto us men, for ſo we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the foot-ball play:
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fence-ſchool, practiſe arms, leap, ſpring.
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea,
Or like the Merchant vent'rer go to ſea:

Walk

Walk may you ſometimes under *Pompey's* ſhade,
When heat of Dog-days does the air invade.
Or to triumphant *Phœbus* temple go,
To whom our naval triumphs we do owe;
Or unto *Iſis* Altars: ſome prefers
Before all theſe the three brave *Theaters*.
Or go to ſee the ſtout Sword-players fight,
Or at the Hippodrome your ſelves delight.
Thus covet to be ſeen, unſeen unprov'd,
What is not view'd and known cannot be lov'd.
What profit were it to have beauteous been,
If thy admired face were never ſeen?
Say you more skil'd in ſongs than *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamyras*, ſuch if men cannot hear,
How ſhould your muſick pleaſe? *Apelles* painted
Venus in *Cos*, elſe her fame had tainted,
And dyed in *Lethe*; he redeem'd her name. *The dignity of Poets.*
What hunt the ſacred Poets but for fame?
Only for fame the labouring ſpirits they ſpend:
Of all their vows, fame is the ſcope and end.
But ſee what alteration rude time brings;
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts; and ſacred Majeſty,
Belong'd to ſuch as ſtudied poetry.
Ennius's ſtatue next to *Scipio's* is,
Though in *Calabrian* mountains born he was.
Unhonoured now the Ivy garland lyes:
The ancient worſhip done to Poets dyes:
Yet we ſhould ſtrive our own fames to awake,
Homer a living laſting work did make,
His *Iliads* call'd, elſe who had *Homer* known?
Had *Danae* in her tow'r an old wife grown,
And never unto publick view reſorted,
How had her beauty been ſo far reported?

You.

You that applause would for your beauties win,
Be oft abroad, and keep not too much in.
At the full folds the fhe wolf seeks her prey,
Though amongst all she steals but one away.
Joves bird the Eagle when she soars most high,
To seise on fowl, doth at the covy fly.
Frequent you fair ones, where men may you see,
'Mongst many one perchance will fancy thee.
In every place where thou shalt hap to sit,
Lose none by frowns whom thou by smiles maist get.
The bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent:
And oftentimes things fall by accident.
Be thou prepar'd, hang always out thy hook:
For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst look,
A fish by chance may bite. Oft have I seen (been:
The wandring hound range where no game hath
And harts that scape the chase, when no man minds them,
Fall in the toyls, and there the keeper finds them.
What hope hast thou *Andromeda* being bound
Unto a rock, a lover to have found:
Being prepar'd for death, beset with fears,
Blubberd thy cheeks, thy eye quite drown'd in tears?
At burial of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath been oft-times got.
Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee,
And in the bosome of a second place thee.
But in your choice especially beware,
Of such effeminate men as starch their hair,
Prank up themselves, who lisp and cannot leave it,
Love complement, and use to smell of Civit:
They have a thousand loves, what they protest
To thee, they'l do the same to all the rest.
Unstaid such be, and what will women say,
When in their thoughts men are more light than they,

Scarce

Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
Troy had yet stood, and *Ilium* been in view,
Had every thing been swaid as *Priam* spake,
But good advice they leave, fond counsel take.
There are who under show of love do sain,
And by such passage seek dishonest gain:
Let no mans hair deceive with powders sweet,
Nor studded girdles which are short and [illegible]
Nor that he does fine silken vestments wear,
Nor that each finger does a Gold sting bear,
Perhaps who in this kind most gallant goes,
Is a close thief, and loves nought but your [illegible]
Some Maids thus rou'd, so loud cry for their [illegible]
That all the town and country hears their [illegible]
Venus whose golden shrines at *Appian* stand,
And *Pallas* laugh to see these strifes in hand.
There are some Maids too sure but of bad [illegible]
Who oft deceiv'd are thought to use the [illegible]
Oh learn by others plaints to hear your own,
Ope not your doors to men whose frauds are known.
Believe not *Theseus*, *Athenians*, though he swear,
The Gods can witness no more than they hear.
By thee *Demophoon*, to false *Theseus* heir,
Phillas deceived was by speeches fair.
If men make promises, then maids make you:
If men perform, perform your vow'd joys too.
Now I'le come nearer, Muse take faster hold,
Nor lose thy seat the wheels though swiftly roll.
Does thy sweet-heart by Letters make his way?
Appoint some maid the messenger to pay:
Look on them, read them, from the words then gather
Whether he feigns or sues intirely rather.
After some while write back: for short delays
Inflame a lover; but not tedious stays.

Comply not quickly with the youth's desires,
Nor yet too long
Him both

Nor do we leſs blame proud and lofty looks,
Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupid's* hooks.
We men do hate this over-weening pride
Shown in the ſilent face, truſt him hath try'd.
View him views you; if men, then women ſmile;
Signs made to you, make ſigns, 'twill men beguile.
Thus whiles he plays before with headleſs dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate the ſad; *Ajax Tecmeſſa* take:
We merry *Greeks* blith wenches ſweet-hearts make.
Andromache and *Tecmeſſa*, all your ſtate
Could not move me to chuſe you for my mate.
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſs;
Without fee be his Client, he'll need leſs.
We that make verſe, let us ſend only verſe,
Our hearts are pliant, whom love ſoon doth pierce.
We ſpread abroad ſweet beauties laſting praiſe;
We *Neneſs*, we *Cynthias* honour raiſe.
The Eaſt and the Weſt land knew lov'd *Lycoris*,
And many ask who our *Corinna* is.
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,
And forward manners by our Poetry.
Nor honour us, nor love of money pleaſe,
We ſlight our games for privacy and eaſe.
Soon are we caught, our loves burn fierce and bold,
And where we love, we know too well to hold.
So 'tis, we ſoften nature by meek art,
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loves take part:
A favour Maidens to bleſt Poets will,
Heavens power we have, the Muſes own us ſtill.
A God is in us, we commerce with *Jove*.
The ſpirit in us, 'bove your bright ſtars both move.
To look for money from us, what a crime!
And yet no Maids do fear it in our time.

At

At first be not too eager, but beware,
A novice lover slights an open snare.
Nor do we rule a horse new broke to back
With the same reins, as he that's skilld to rack.
To catch one staid in years, and a brisk swain,
Must not one way, may not one course be tain.
Hee's rude, and in loves tents ne're seen before,
Who as a new prey touch'd thy chamber door.
Who knows no maid but thee; none else would know:
This corn would be high fenc'd that it may grow.
If one, he is thy own; no rivals frown;
Two things admit no mate, Love and a Crown.
That ancient souldier's wise, and softly loves,
And what a younger scorns he meekly proves.
He'll break no posts, nor burn with furious fire,
Nor scratch his Mistris soft cheeks in his ire;
He'l tear no cloaths, his sweet-hearts nor his own,
Nor shall his torn hair give him cause of moan.
These things fit youths, whose age in love is hot,
This bears harsh wounds gently as they were not.
Old men burn softly like a torch that's wet,
Like green wood from the Forrests lately set.
Old mens love's sure, youth's short, but fruitful made;
Maids pluck those fruits betimes, betimes which fade.
Nay yield up all, ope the gates to your foe;
That faith from faithless treasure once may flow.
What's easie granted, long love cannot feed;
Repulse sometimes will make it to proceed.
Let them walk at the gate, cry cruel dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more.
We loath these sweets, till bitter makes them new,
The wind oft drown'd the ship by which it flew.
'Tis this makes men their wives so slight so still,
They're ready prest when ere their husbands will.

Let the Maid run and cry We are undone,
And hide the frighted youth till fear be gone.
Yet ſport him midſt theſe fears, leſt he miſprize
Your nights not ſo much worth ſuch fears ſhould riſe.
I had like to ha'paſt, by what are to deceive
Your husband, and ſly keeper to bereave.
Wives fear your husbands, nor their goodneſs tire;
This law, and right and modeſty require.
But if he o're you keep too ſtrict an eye;
To cheat him, to theſe rules your ſelves apply.
As many keep thee as had *Argus* eyes,
If thou'rt reſolv'd thou ſhalt defeat with lyes.
Suppoſe your keeper hinder you to write,
You may conveigh a Letter out of ſight
In Panders ſhooes; or if you paper lack,
Inſtead of paper you may uſe her back.
Or when you will, you may complain your head,
And fainting ſick, bide whom you will in bed:
When the falſe key tells plainly what is done,
And to your chamber are more ways than one.
Beſides a keeper may be foxt with wine,
Preſt from the grapes of *Spain*, and ſo made thine:
And there by drugs, which can cauſe a ſound ſleep,
And ſhut the eyes faſt drencht in *Lethe* deep,
You know Maids too may quickly find ſome way
By long made ſports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go far about,
When one ſmall gift may buy the keeper out?
Gifts truſt me do appeaſe both Gods and men,
By gifts even *Jove*, is pleaſed now and then.
What do the wiſe, ſince in gifts fools delight:
Give, and the husband ſays nought, ſay he might.
Haſt bought thy keeper once, he's thine for ever:
The help he once affords, he'l fail thee never.

To deceive the moſt watchful keeper

I blam'd companions, now it comes to mind,
The hurt by it not men alone do find.
Believe me, other Maids thy joyes may taſt,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as faſt.
The wench that ſweeps the chamber, makes the bed,
With ſports of love hath more than once bin ſped.
Let not your waiting Maids be over fair,
Their Miſtreſs place by them ſupplied are.
Where run I madman? naked 'gainſt my foe,
And ope thoſe ports that may me overthrow?
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dogs to run and ſhake them.
Look to't that need: my task I'le do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a ſword to make me bleed.
'Tis eaſie to make us think we are beloved,
Their faith which to deſire is quickly moved.
Smile lovely on a youth, ſigh from your heart.
Ask why he comes ſo late? a pretty art.
Shed ſome few tears, feign grief for ſome cloſe love,
And tear your hair as doth your paſſions move.
He's ſtreight o'recome, and pity he will take,
And ſay his care is only for my ſake.
If he be ſpruce, and look fair in the glaſs,
He'll think the Gods love him; let not this paſs.
The hiſtory of Procris. Whoere thou art be not thy wrath ſo ſtrong,
Nor rage not overmuch, hath he done wrong?
Truſt not too ſoon: how thou wilt that repent,
Procris, example is a monument.
The deſcription of Hymettus. Near to *Hymettus* hill a holy well,
And a moiſt ground, thick graſs the ancients tell,
The wood's but underwood; about this land,
The Crab-tree, Roſemarie, Bay, Mirtle ſtand,
The thick leav'd Box, the Tamariſk ſo ſmall,
Low ſhrubs, neat Pines, there do theſe trees grow all;

The

The gentle West wind and the healthful Air,
Blow all those leaves and grassblades which are there.
Cephalus lov'd rest, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth, this ground oft sat upon;
And thus he sings, Thou which dost lay my heat,
And my breast swage, come gentle air and beat.
One overdutious told his fearful wife;
These words she heard, and so began the strife:
Procris who for a strumpet took this Air,
Fell down much moved with a sudden fear.
Look how the vine leaf which you latest gather,
She lookt so pale, or far more paler rather:
Or the ripe Quince-tree which doth bend his bough,
Or dog-tree fruit, which none for meat allow.
Come to her self, her garments quite she tore
From off her breast, and made her breast all gore.
And without stay in rage and hast she goes,
Her hair about her neck like *Bacchus* throws:
Being near the place, her mates she leaves behind,
Steals slily to the wood, no fear in mind.
'Tis thus, thou think'st now, who this Air should be,
And her dishonest tricks thine eye shall see,
Her coming shames her now, she would not take her,
Yet now she's glad she's come, love doubtful makes
The name, the place, the sign, all these agree, (her.
And what the mind fears, that it thinks to be.
Seeing the grass so by some body prest,
Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast:
Now the Mid-day had made the shadows short,
The evening and the morn bare equal part:
Young *Cephalus* returns unto the wood,
And cools his face with water as he stood.
Procris stands close, on the grass he lays him fair,
And cries aloud, Blow West wind, come sweet air.

So

So soon as she had heard th'erroneous name.
Her mind and her true colour to her came;
She rises, with her body the leaves shake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to make:
He thought it some wild beast, snatcht up his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to throw,
What dost thou wretch, 'tis no beast, stay thy dart.
Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart.
She cries out, thou hast stroke my loving breast,
Upon this place thy wounds shall ever rest.
I dye before my time, not wrong'd in love.
This earth made me suspect thee light to prove,
Air take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust,
I dye, close thou mine eyes, lay me in dust.
She ended speech and life, and falling down,
Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
He bears his dying love in woful arms,
And wails with tears so strange and deadly harms.
But let us back I see I must be plain,
That our lost ship may to its haven gain.
You look now to be brought unto a feast:
And that we teach you herein as the rest.
Come late, but comely come, brought in by night,
Thou shalt be welcome; so delay hath might.
Though thou be black thou shalt seem fair to all,
The night will hide thy faults both great and small:
Eat neatly with your fingers, art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eat not too long, leave ere you would forbear,
More than thou well canst do, this counsel hear.
Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate:
And say, my rape is foolish out of date.
To drink is comely: and more fit for you:
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*, this is true,

Drink,

Drink, but yet no more than you well can bear.
And what is one, let it not two appear.
A shameful thing to see a woman drunk,
Such a one is fit to be each knaves punk.
Nor is it safe to sleep the tables drawn,
Much shameful things have in your sleeps been sawn.
'Tis shame to teach you more, yet *Dion* says,
Shame is the chiefest object of these layes.
Each know your selves; as you your bodies see,
So frame your lying in form that it may be.
Whose face is beauteous, she must lye upright,
Whose back is best that still must be in sight:
At'lantaes thighs upon his shoulders bore:
Melaneon; be these best, shew them the more.
Low Maids must ride; *Thebais* was somewhat long,
Ne're sat on *Hectors* horse her pride among.
Who hath a long side, which shou'd have in eye,
Let her knees bend, and be her neck awry.
Whose hidden parts have not a fault or spot,
Lye ever sidelong, pray forget it not.
Nor think it a disgrace your hair to loose,
And then thy neck cast backward still to choose.
Thou that art rugged, close and hidden lye,
And from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly.
Love hath a thousand ways; most void of Pride,
To lye half upright on the righter side.
Apollo's Tripos, nor horned *Ammon* say
Ought that's more true than what is in our lay.
If there be truth in art, got by long use,
Believe and trust, you'l find it in our muse.
Maids see you love us men from the deep root,
One thing may help you and stead us to boote (sweet,
Cease not fair words, cease not your whispering
And wanton words must with your sports oft meet.

Gestures in lying.

And

And thou whom nature hath bar'd loves quick ſenſe,
Feign pleaſant joys, though the things be from thence.
Unhappy Maid, to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman ſhould be full.
Yet when you feign, beware let none elſe know it,
For fear thy geſture or thy eyes may ſhow it.
Thy breath, and voice ſuch pleaſures plainly fill;
That part hath ſecrets, ſhame would hide it ſtill.
Who ſeeks a man after enjoyment ſtraight
Gifts to beſtow, would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windows wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night.
Our ſport is done, 'tis time the ſwans depart,
Which on their necks, as yoaks have drawn our art.
As *Men* before, ſay *Maids* when ye prevail,
Ovid our Maſter was, his art our ſail.

FINIS.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

WHen *Cupid* read this title, straight he said,
Wats, I perceive, against me will be made:
But spare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet so,
Who oft hath born thy Ensign 'gainst thy foe.
I am not he by whom thy Mother bled,
When she to Heaven on *Mars* his horses fled.
I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou ask, what I do still? I Love.
Nay I have taught by art to keep loves course,
And made that reason which before was force.
I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
Nor what I have once written to destroy.
If any love and find his Mistris kind,
Let him go on and sail with his own wind;
But he that by his love is discontented,
To save his life my Verses were invented.

Why ſhould a Lover kill himſelf? or why
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee ſtill,
Thy reign is ſoft, play then, and do not kill.
Or if thou'l needs be vexing, then do this,
Make Lovers meet by ſtealth, and ſteal a kiſs:
Make them to fear, leſt any overwatch them,
And tremble when they think ſome come to cat
And with thoſe tears that lovers ſhed all night (the
Be thou content, but do not kill out-right.
Love heard, and up his ſilver wings did heave,
And ſaid, write on, I freely give thee leave.
Come then all ye deſpis'd that love endure,
I that have felt the wounds, your love will cure;
But come at firſt, for if you make delay,
Your ſickneſs will grow mortal by your ſtay.
The tree, which by delay is grown ſo big,
In the beginning was a tender twig.
That which at firſt was but a ſpan in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted paſt mens ſtrength.
Reſiſt beginnings, med'cines bring no curing,
Where ſickneſs is grown ſtrong by long induring.
When firſt thou ſeeſt a laſs that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy preſent powers to deſcry
Whether her eye or carriage firſt will ſhow,
If ſhe be fit for loves delights, or no.
Some will be eaſie, ſuch an one elect,
But ſhe that bears too grave and ſtern aſpect,
Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewel,
Either ſhe cannot love, or will be cruel.
If love aſſail thee there, betime take heed,
Thoſe wounds are dangerous that inward bleed.
He that to day cannot ſhake off loves ſorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.

Lo

Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue
That he will lead thee all thy life along;
And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,
Where thou must either draw, or striving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
May stop a water drill that wears the sand,
But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood;
Mountains will hardly make the passage good.
But I am out: for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heal those that are in.
First therefore (Lovers) I intend to shew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what loves passions be,
Never be idle, learn that rule of me.
Ease makes you love, as that o'recomes your wills,
Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.
Turn ease and idleness but out of door,
Loves darts are broke, his flame can burn up more.
As reeds and Willows love the water side,
So Love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you fain would be,
Love yields to labour, Labour and be free.
Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do, and pleasures too exceeding
Dull all our senses, make our virtue stupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villain *Cupid*.
That boy loves ease a life, hates such a stir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy Countries enemies in Arms,
At home Love gripes thy heart in his sly charms;
Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,
Thy labour may at once o'recome them both.
If this seem hard, and too unpleasant, then
Behold the law set forth by God and men;

Sit down and study that: that thou maiest know
The way to guide thy self, and others show.
Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,
Learn to assail the Deer with trusty bow, (may rin
That through the woods thy well mouth'd hound
Whose Eccho better joyes, than love, will sing.
There maiest thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto *Venus* is no friend.
The Countrey will afford thee means enough;
Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough:
To follow through the fields the bleating Lamb,
That mourns to miss the comfort of his Dam.
Assist the harvest, help to prune the Trees;
Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,
Which will imploy thy mind and fill thy dish;
That being weary with these pains at night
Sound sleeps may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With such delights, or labours as are these,
Forget to love, and learn thy self to please.
But chiefly learn this lesson for my sake,
Fly from her sight, some journey undertake.
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told
Will be enough thy journey to withhold.
But when thou find'st thy self most bent to stay,
Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wish that rain and stormy weather
May stay your steps, and bring you back together:
Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,
Lest those respects should turn you back to stay;
Tell not the clock, nor look thou once behind,
But fly like Lightning or the Northern wind;
For where we are too much o'e macht in might,
There is no way for safeguard, but by flight.

But some will count my lines too hard and bitter,
I must confess them hard; but yet 'tis better
To fast a while that health may be provoked,
Than feed on plenteous tables and be choaked.
To cure thy wretched body, I am sure,
Both fire and Steel thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take pains by any Art
To cure thy Mind, which is thy better part?
The hardness is at first, and that once past,
Pleasant and easie ways will come at last.
I do not bid thee strive with Witches Charms,
Or such unholy acts, to cease thy harms:
Circes her self, who all these things did know,
Had never power to cure her own love so:
No, take this Medicine (which of all is sure,)
Labour and absence is the only cure.
But if the fates compel thee, in such fashion,
That thou must needs live near her habitation,
And canst not fly her sight, learn here of me,
If thou wouldst fain, but canst not yet be free:
Set all thy Mistris faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own disgraces well advise;
Say to thy self, that she is covetous,
Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus and thus;
Thus hath she sworn to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hop'd and thus have been bereaved:
With love she feeds my Rival, while I starve,
And pours on him kisses, which I deserve:
She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
Sad looks, no lovers, but a strangers fee.
All those Imbraces I so oft desired,
To him she offers daily unrequired:
Whose whole desert, and half mine weigh'd together,
Would make mine Lead and his seem cork & feather,

Then let her go, and since she proves so hard,
Regard thy self, and give her no regard.
Thus must thou school thy self, and I could wish
Thee to thy self most eloquent in this.
But put on grief enough, and do not fear,
Grief will enforce thy eloquence t'appear.
Thus I my self the love did once expel
Of one whose coyness vex'd my soul like hell.
I must confess she touch'd me to the quick,
And I, that am Physician, then was sick.
But this I found to profit, I did still
Ruminate what I thought in her was *ill*;
And, for to cure my self, I found a way,
Some honest slanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, how lamely doth my mistris go!
(Although, I must confess, it was not so;)
I said, her arms were crooked, fingers bent,
Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consum'd and spent;
Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,
(When *Venus* might in all have ta'ne delight)
But yet because I would no more come nigh her,
My self, unto my self did thus belie her,
Do thou the like, and though she fair appear,
Think vice to vertue often comes too near;
And in that error (though it be an error)
Preserve thy self from any further terror.
If she be round and plump, say, she's too fat,
If brown, say black, and think who cares for that;
If she be slender, swear she is too lean,
That such a wench will wear a man out clean;
If she be red, say she's too full of blood;
If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton, say, she seeks thee to devour;
If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sowr.

Nay if ſhe have a fault, and thou doſt know it,
Praiſe it, that in thy preſence ſhe may ſhow it:
As if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her ſing.
If ſhe have any blemiſh in her foot,
Commend her dancing ſtill and put her to't.
If ſhe be rude in ſpeech, incite her talk;
If halting lame, provoke her much to walk.
Or if on Inſtruments ſhe have ſmall skill,
Reach down a Vial, urge her to that ſtill.
Take any way to eaſe thy own diſtreſs,
And think thoſe faults be, which are nothing leſs.
Then meditate beſides, what thing it is
That makes the ſtill in love to go amiſs.
Adviſe thee well, for as the world now goes,
Men are not caught with ſubſtance but with ſhows;
A woman now is ſo diſguis'd with pelf,
That ſhe her ſelf is leaſt part of her ſelf.
I know a woman hath in love been troubled
For that which Taylors make, a fine neat doublet.
And men are even as mad in their deſiring,
That oftentimes love Women for their tyring;
He that doth ſo, let him take this advice,
Let him riſe early, and not being nice,
Up to his Miſtris Chamberlet him hie,
E're ſhe ariſe, and there he ſhall eſpie
Such a confuſion of diſordered things.
In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawns and Rings,
That ſure it cannot chuſe but much abhor him,
To ſee her lye in pieces thus before him;
And find thoſe things ſhut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my ſelf had a great mind to ſee
What kind of things women undreſſed be,

And found my ſweet heart, juſt when I came at her,
Screwing her teeth, and dipping rags in water;
She miſs'd her periwig, and durſt not ſtay,
But put it on in haſt the backward way;
That had I not on th' ſudden chang'd my mind,
I had miſtook and kiſs'd my love behind.
So, if thou wiſh her faults ſhould rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unwares:
Or rather put the better way in proof,
Come thou not near, but keep thy ſelf aloof.
If all this ſerve not, uſe one medicine more,
Seek out another Love, and her adore;
But chuſe out one, in whom thou well maieſt ſee,
A heart inclin'd to love and cherish thee.
For as a River parted ſlower goes,
So, Love thus parted ſtill more evenly flows.
One Anchor will not ſerve a Veſſel tall,
Nor is one hook enough to fiſh withal.
He that can ſolace him, and ſport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou that to one haſt ſhew'd thy ſelf too kind,
Maieſt in a ſecond much more comfort find:
If one love entertain thee with deſpight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurſt,
The ſecond will contend t' excel the firſt,
And ſtrive, with love, to drive her from thy breſt:
("That firſt to ſecond yields, women know beſt.)
Or if to yield to either thou art loth,
This may perhaps acquit thee of them both:
For what one love makes odd, two ſhall make even,
Thus blows with blows and fire with fire's out driven.
Perchance this courſe will turn thy firſt loves heart,
And when thine is at eaſe cauſe hers to ſmart.

If thy loves Rival ſtick ſo near thy ſide,
Think, women can copartners worſe abide,
For though thy Miſtriſs never mean to love thee:
Yet from the others love ſhe'l ſtrive to move thee:
But let her ſtrive, ſhe oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to bear her ſelf apart.
And though thy bowels burn like Ætna's fire,
Seem colder far than Ice, or her deſire;
Feign thy ſelf free, and ſigh not over-much,
But laugh when ſadly grief thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame;
Such violence in love is much to blame:
But I adviſe, that thou diſſemble deep.
And all thy paſſions in thine own breaſt keep.
Feign thy ſelf well, and thou at laſt ſhalt ſee,
Thy ſelf as well as thou didſt feign to be.
So have I often, when I would not drink;
Sat down as one aſleep, and feign'd to wink;
Till as I nodding ſat, and took no heed,
I have at laſt faln faſt aſleep indeed.
So have I oft been angry, feigning ſpight,
And counterfeiting ſmiles have laught outright.
So love, by uſe doth come, by uſe doth go,
And he that feigns well ſhall at length be ſo.
If ere thy Miſtriſs promis'd to receive thee
Into her boſome, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door;
Be not dejected, ſeem not to deplore,
Nor when thou ſeeſt her next, take notice of it,
But paſs it over, it ſhall turn to profit:
For if ſhe ſees ſuch tricks as theſe perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee:
But if ſhe prove thee conſtant in this kind,
She will beg'n at length ſome ſleights to find,

How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still
A servile captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
Be thou as constant as thou seemest then:
Receive no messages, regard no lines,
They are but snares to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, think all that praise her, flatter;
What ere she writes believe not half the matter.
Converse not with her servant nor her maid,
Scarce bid good morrow, lest thou be betray'd.
When thou goest by her door, never look back;
And though she call, do not thy journey slack,
If she would send her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walk with thee.
Do not believe one word they say is sooth,
Nor do not ask so much as how she doth;
Yea though thy very heart should burn to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show,
Thy careless silence shall perplex her more
Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o're and o're;
By saying thou lov'st not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in love that says, I love not:
Then hold thy peace and shortly love will die,
That wound heals best, that cures not by and by.
But some will say, alas, this rule is hard,
Must we not love where we do find reward?
How should a tender woman bear this scorn?
That cannot without art, by men be born?
Mistake me not; I do not wish you show
Such a contempt to them whose love you know:
But where a scornful lass makes you endure
Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving Love you wrong your lass,
Who one to her content already has;

While

While ſhe doth joy in him, joy thou in any;
Thou haſt, as well as ſhe, the choice of many.
Then, for thy own content, defer not long,
But cure thy ſelf and ſhe ſhall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly did commend
Abſence in this to be the only friend,
And ſo it is, but I would have ye learn
The perfect uſe of Abſence to diſcern.
Firſt then, when thou art abſent to her ſight,
In ſolitarineſs do not delight:
Be ſeldom left alone, for then I know
A thouſand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places ſad,
They are the nurſe of thoughts that make men mad.
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may ſee
The place where ſhe did give loves rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of thoſe joys,
And turn thy kiſſes into ſad annoys.
Frequent not Woods and Groves, nor ſit and muſe
With arms a croſs, as fooliſh lovers uſe:
For asthou ſit'ſt alone thou ſoon ſhalt find
Thy Miſtriſs face preſented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantaſie
As if ſhe were in preſence, and ſtood by.
This to eſchew open thy doors all day,
Shun no mans ſpeech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies, and when there's none,
Then walk thou forth thy ſelf, and ſeek out one;
When he is found, ſeek more, laugh, drink and ſing,
Rather than be alone do any thing.
Or if thou be conſtrain'd to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way when thou art eas'd of pain,
To wound a new, and make thee ſick again.

Or if thou haſt it, think the Painters skill
Flatter'd her face, and that ſhe looks more ill,
And think, as thou alone doſt muſing ſit,
That ſhe herſelf is counterfeit like it.
Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy mind.
View not her tokens, nor think on her words,
But take ſome book, whoſe learned womb affords
Phyſick for ſouls, there ſearch for ſome relief
To guile the time and rid away thy grief.
But if thy thoughts on her muſt needs be bent,
Think what a deal of precious time was ſpent
In queſt of her; and that thy beſt of youth
Languiſh'd and dyed while ſhe was void of truth.
Think but how ill ſhe did deſerve affection,
And yet how long ſhe held thee in ſubjection.
Think how ſhe chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking ſo, leave Love, and fly far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Muſt fly the place where the infected be,
And he that would from loves affection fly,
Muſt leave his Miſtris walks and not come nigh.
" Sore eyes are got by looking on ſore eyes,
" And wounds do ſoon from new heal'd ſcars ariſe.
As embers toucht with ſulphur do renew,
So will her ſight kindle freſh flames in you.
If then thou meet'ſt her, ſuffer her go by thee:
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee.
For her aſpect will raiſe deſire in thee,
And hungry men ſcarce hold from meat they ſee.
If e're ſhe ſent thee letters, that ly by,
Peruſe them not, they captivate thy eye:
But lap them up and caſt them in the fire,
And wiſh, as they waſte, ſo may thy deſire.

If ere thou sent'st her token, gift or letter,
Go not to fetch them back, for it is better
That she detain a little paltry pelf,
Than thou shouldst seek for them and lose thy self.
For why? her sight will so enchant thine heart,
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.
But if by chance there fortune such a case
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force:
Against thou go'st, curl not thy head and hair,
Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array,
As if thou meant'st to make it holy-day;
Neglect thy self for once, that she may see
Her love hath now no power to work on thee.
And if thy rival be in presence too,
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
Drink to him, carve him, give him gentle words,
Return all courtesies that he affords:
Salute him friendly, give him complement,
This shall thy Mistris more than shee torment:
For she will think by this thy careless show
thou car'st not now whether she love or no.
But if thou canst perswade thy self indeed
She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy self alone,
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;
Thus sooth thy self, and thou shalt seem to be
In far more happy taking than is she.
For if thou think'st sho's lov'd, and loves again,
Hell fire will seem more ease than thy pain:
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spie
The man she most affecteth standing by;

And

And see him grasp her by the tender hand,
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;
If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,
And canst perform more than thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o're to teach, and learn of thee.
But this way I would take among them all,
I would pick out some lass to talk withal,
Whose quick inventions, and whose nimble wit
Should busie mine, and keep me from my fit;
My eye with all my art should be a woing,
No matter what I said, so I were doing;
For all that while my love should think at least
That I, as well as she, on love did feast.
And though my heart were thinking on her face,
Or her unkindness, and my own disgrace,
Of all my present pains by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are
Her conference alone thou shouldst forbear;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
When she begins to talk, imagine straight,
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
Then call to mind some business or affair,
Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talk thy troubled fancie stirs,
Thy mind may work and give no heed to hers.

Alas,

Alas, I know mens hearts, and that full ſoon
By womens gentle words we are undone.
If women ſigh or weep, our ſouls are griev'd,
Or if they ſwear they love, they are believ'd:
But truſt not thou to oaths if ſhe ſhould ſwear,
Nor hearty ſighs, believe they dwell not there.
If ſhe ſhould grieve in earneſt or in jeſt,
Or force her arguments with ſad proteſt,
As if true ſorrow in her eye-lid ſat;
Nay if ſhe comes to weeping, truſt not that.
For know that women can both weep and ſmile,
With much more danger than the Crocodile.
Think all ſhe doth is but to breed thy pain,
And get the power to tyrannize again.
And ſhe will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the ſhore.
Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy ſilent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'ſt her, nor declare
(Although ſhe ask thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From hence a thouſand ſnares and arrows fly.
No, let her not perceive by ſighs or ſigns
how at her deeds thy inward ſoul repines.
Seem careleſs of her ſpeech, and do not hark,
Anſwer by chance as though thou didſt not mark.
And if ſhe bid the home, ſtraight promiſe not,
Or break thy word as though thou hadſt forgot.
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
And if ſhe be not earneſt, do not go.
Feign thou haſt buſineſs and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
And as ſhe talks, caſt thou thine eyes elſewhere,
And look among the Laſſes that are there.

Compare

Compare their ſeveral beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her form diſgrace;
On both their faces carry ſtill thy view,
Ballance them equally in judgment true:
And when thou find'ſt the other doth excel
(Yet though thou canſt not love it half ſo well)
Bluſh that thy paſſions make the dote on her
More than on thoſe thy judgment doth prefer.
When thou haſt let her ſpeak all that ſhe would,
Seem as thou haſt not one word underſtood:
And when to part with thee thou ſeeſt her bent,
Give her ſome ordinary compliment,
Such as may ſeem of courteſie not love,
And ſo to other company remove.
This careleſneſs in which thou ſem'ſt to be,
(How ere in her) will work this change in thee,
That thou ſhalt think for uſing her ſo ſleight,
She cannot chuſe but turn her love to ſpight:
And if thou art perſwaded once ſhe hates,
Thou wilt beware and not come near her baits.
But though I wiſh thee conſtantly believe
She hates thy ſight, thy paſſions to deceive;
Yet be not thou ſo baſe to hate her too,
That which ſeems ill in her, do not thou do;
'Twill indiſcretion ſeem, and want of wit,
Where thou didſt love, to hate inſtead of it;
And thou maieſt ſhame ever to be ſo mated
And joyn'd in love with one that ſhould be hated.
Such kind of love is fit for Clowns and Hinds,
And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
For there can be in man no madneſs more
Than hate thoſe lips he wiſh'd to kiſs before;
Or loath to ſee thoſe eyes, or hear that voice
Whoſe very ſound hath made his heart rejoyce;

Such

Such acts as these, much indiscretion shows,
When men from kissing turn to wish for blows:
And this their own example shews so naught,
That when they would direct they must be taught
But thou wilt say, for all the love I bear her,
And all the service, I am ne'r the nearer;
And which the most of all doth vex like hell,
She loves a man ne'r lov'd her half so well:
Him she adores, but I must not come at her,
Have I not then good reason for to hate her?
I answer no, for make the case thine own,
And in thy glass her actions shall be shown:
When thou thy self in love wert so far gone,
Say, could'st thou love any but her alone?
I know thou couldst not, though with tears and cries
These had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine eyes.
Wouldst thou for this that they hate thee again?
If so thou wouldst, then hate thy love again:
Your faults are both alike; thou lovest her,
And she in love thy rival doth prefer:
If then her Love to him thy hate procure,
Thou shouldst for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
Are not addres'd to turn thy love to spight,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move;
In which, when once thou find'st thy self at quiet,
Learn to preserve thy self with this good diet.

The Conclusion.

SLeep not to much, nor longer than asleep
Within thy bed thy lazy body keep;
For when thou warm awake shalt feel it soft,
Fond cogitations will assail thee oft:
Then start up early, study, work, or write,
Let labour (others toyl) be thy delight.
Eat not too much, or if thou much do eat,
Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:
Abstain from wine, although thou think it good;
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood:
use thy self much to bath thy wanton Limbs,
in coldest streams, which o're the gravel swims:
Be still in graviest company, and fly
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight,
To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite;
Come not at all where many women are,
But like a Bird that lately scap'd the snare,
Avoid their garish beauty; fly with speed,
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed.
Be not too much alone; but if alone,
Get thee some modest book to look upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire again:
Abstain from Songs and Verses, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

THE

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER,

A mock POEM:
WITH
Marginal Notes, and other choice Pieces
OF
DROLLERY.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in the *New-Exchange*, and at their recreations in *Hide Park*.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCLXXXII.

THE LOVES
OF
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AND
LEANDER,
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WITH
Original Notes, and other choice Pieces,
OF
DROLLERY.

LONDON
Printed in the Year, MDCLXXII.

The Famous Greek and Asian story
Of Honour'd Male and Female Glory.
Know all I value this Rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more than so, I'le go no less,
Than any script of Friend J. S.

Of Young Leander, *and of* Hero,
I now begin; Dum spiro, spero.

LEANDER being fresh and gay,
As is the leek, or green popey;
Upon a morn both clear and bright
When *Phœbus* rose and had bedight
Himself with all his Golden rayes;
And pretty birds did pearch on sprayes:
When Marigolds did spread their leaves,
And men begin to button sleeves:
Then young *Leander* all forlorn,
As from the Oak drops the acorn;
So from his weary bed he slipt,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt;
But with a look as blith to see,
As cherry ripe on top of tree;
So forth he goes and makes no stand
With Crab-tree Cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two,
But gravel got into his shooe.

This was the Authors Prologue.

His hair was powdred.

He

He sets him down upon a bank,
To dry his foot, and rest his shank.
And so with finger put in shooe,
He pull'd out dirt and gravel too.
This was about the waste of day:
The middle, as the vulgar say.
Fair *Hero*, walking with her Maid,
To do the thing cannot be staid,
Spi'd young *Leander* lying so,
With pretty finger picking toe.
She thought it strange to see a man
A privy walk, and then anan
She stept behind a Pop'ring tree,
And listned for some Novelty:
Leander having clear'd his throat,
Began to sing this pleasant note.

Note here, every thing is the worse for wearing. All men cannot be Scholars.

Oh, would I had my Love in Bed,
Though she were ne're so fell;
I'de fright her with my Adders head
untill I made her swell.
Oh Hero, Hero, *pity me,*
With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo *dee.*

Fair *Hero* 'gan to smile at this,
Leander rais'd 'gainst tree to piss,
He plucks me streight his *Drab'er* out,
And with his arms clasps tree about:
O thus, quoth he, O thus ——— I coo'd,
Bobbing *Rogero* 'gainst the wood.
His blind worm *Hero* fair did see,
His Corral head did lean 'gainst tree:
Which sight did make her sigh and sob,
To see how he 'gainst tree did bob.

As a man in love may do it may be.

She never lov'd him till that hour
And him ſhe will invite to tower.
She ſat her down to reſt her joynts,
The Springal he unties his points.
Fair *Hero* noted him a while,
And prettily began to ſmile,
To ſee a comely youth and tall,
Could not hold that which needs muſt fall.
Now *Hero* fair had ſpied a vapour,
And ſends her maid with piece of paper;
But he before the Maid did come,
* Had ſav'd that labour with his thumb:
The Maid with bluſh turn'd back again,
Seeing her labour was in vain.
Leander having done his task,
And made an end ore hedgnine Lask,
He turn'd about and made no bones,
† But with ſtick rak't for Cherry ſtones.
So as he ſtoop'd, he ſpi'd coming,
A gentle Nymph, whoſe pace was running.
He could not tell what to ſuppoſe,
* But put up ſhirt into his Hoſe:
Leander ſtreight did follow Maid,
Until he came where *Hero* laid.
Her cheek on hand, her arm on ſtump,
Her leg on graſs, on mole-hil rump;
He with a gentle modeſt gate,
Plucking his Cap from of his pate,
He thus beſpake her, Lovely Peat,
Behold, with running how I ſweat!
Oh, would I were that harmleſs ſtump,
Whereon thou lean'ſt; with that a thump
Breaks from the intrails of his hoſe,
Hero was fearful, dreading foes,

* *As it may be Reader thy ſelf haſt done.*
† *Obſerve in this the childiſhneſs of a Lover.*
* *Meaning into his Breeches.*

Seeing

Seeing a Cannon 'gainst her bent,
That seem'd to level at her tent:
Leander having felt the scape,
And spi'd the Maid to laugh and gape:
He then began to smell a Rat,
And stole his hand down under's Hat.
Hero did note his *Roger* good,
And how couragiously it stood?
At length she asked him his name,
And wherefore that he thither came.
Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,
* This is my walk Wednesdays and Fridays;
I love to see the Squirrils play,
With bow and bolt I them do fray.
My name is young *Leander* call'd,
My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald:
Enough, quoth *Hero*, say no more,
Mum-bug, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.
Now *Heroes* love began to curdle,
She wisht his head under her girdle.
If so she had, I make no doubt,
But it would dash its own brains out;
And yet the *Stale* be ne'r the worse.
I may compare the head to purse,
Whose mouth is fastned to a string,
And if the knot she chance to wring,
The money white will issue out:
† He shouts most wide that hits the clout.
Now *Heroes* love could not be hid,
Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.
Fear not, my love, to taste my lip,
Imagine me to be thy Ship,
Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,
And in my Poop fear not to stand:

* *True lovers walk on Fridays.*

† *As one would say, wide quoth Wallis when his was in the bed straw*

Stand

Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,
My Gunner room is free from matches:
Pull up my Sail to thy main yard,
My compass use thou, and my Card:
Lay thou thy anchor where thou please,
In broad, or in the narrow Seas,
And though the foaming Ocean fret,
Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.
Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,
(With that within her throat rose flegm)
Near to that place there stands a Cloister,
(Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyster.)
Leander stole his foot upon it,
And treads it out with vailed Bonnet.
She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
And for another softly strains:
Her choler laid, she said, mark well,
And understand what I thee tell:
Come then my love in twile of night,
The time when Owl and Bats take flight:
In lower window I will place
A taper bright as eyes in face;
Which light shall be thy load-star bright,
Through waves to guide thee in the night;
And with that word like Ivy wound
About his neck arms clasped round:
Venus did ne'r more dote on *Don*,
Whose heart in love was cold as stone,
Than *Hero* did on springal young:
So down they fell together clung,
Upon a Primrose hill most sweet,
Their lips being joyned their tongues did greet,
So high did grow the fragrant flowers,
Made fresh by youthful *April* showers.

Not Don Diego, but hated a Spaniard.

But when she saw them ly so close,
She put the flowers under her nose:
And so approaching to the place,
* Where they lay panting face to face;
So high did grow the herbs so sweet,
That cover'd them from head to feet;
Her maid then got into a tree,
Where plain she might these lovers see.
Leander found the watry brook,
Where never fish was caught with hook,
Yet bobbing there had been good store,
† With great red worms, some three or four.
Oh, who hath seen a strucken Deer,
Or from his eyes in water clear,
A dabled duck with dirt bemir'd?
So *Hero* lay with pleasure tir'd,
On Medlar branch the Maid doth sit,
One * Medlar with a many met;
Though she was there, there was to see
Nothing but Medlars on the tree.
We'l leave the maid upon a crotch,
Holding by hands, sitting on notch:
But the sweet sight did so incite,
That bough was met with her device.
And now *Leander* gets him up,
And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
His Cocko-pintle he did thrust
Into her Oxlip which was just;
His batchelors button, straight as line,
Made way into her Columbine.
His hooded Hawk he then did bring her,
Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger.
His sprig of time, her branch of Rue,
His primrose, and her violet blue.

* It seemed they made a toil of a pleasure.

† They are called red worms because they creep into holes.

* A medlar by the Philosopher is [illegible]

Leander lusty springal youth
Did now retire, 'twas so in truth:
Who, like some youthful prodigal,
Must needs retire, having spent all.
He now returned to his friends,
Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.
The Maid was greedy though but silly,
She thought too much went by her belly;
Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,
That she did long to enter fight.
By chance a Weaver passing by,
Looking aside, she did him spie.
Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,
When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,
Breaking his rains ty'd to a tree,
And even as like as like may be,
Setting the runt of horse aside;
Her rubbish did excel in pride.
She looking earnest at the Weaver,
The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.
Quoth she, alas! ah me, ah me!
What was I born to fell from tree?
Her cloaths her head did canopy,
She was all bare from head to knee,
The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,
Had thought the world had been turn'd topsi-turvy.
Now he did tread as if on eggs,
He saw a Medlar 'twixt her legs:
I know not how they there did settle,
But in the Weaver got his Shettle:
Where we will leave *Tom*-trumpery,
To talk of other company.
Leander having fetcht his fees,
And *Hero* having covered knees,

Rubbish, the author takes for Iovis medicum.

Quoth she, I know thou art no Hodger,
Sweet have a care of trusty *Roger*.
My dear, quoth she, my Lover true,
Remember what you from me drew:
Remember you being full of quiblits,
Remov'd your Hares head from my giblits,
With that afar off she 'gan spy,
A fellow running with one eye.
He had one which did ever run.
He wore, because his head was bald,
An old hats crown, which hid the scald.
His nose was crooked, long, and thin,
As sharp and long appear'd his chin.
His eye-brows hung upon his cheeks,
His head did grow like bed of Leeks.
His back did over-look his head,
One of his arms was door nail dead:
His fingers wore for Liveries
Nails long as *Cupids* Quiver is:
Upon his back he wore coat blue,
His face would make a dog to spue:
His legs did go four ways at once,
He was all skin save some few bones.
Then *Hero* said, The weary hour
Is come for me to go to Tower.
Then farewel, Love, *Leander* said,
And straight she whistled for her Maid.
By this *John Hedghogg* drew him nigh,
For that his name was, note by-e.
His one eye in her face did pear,
Quoth he who thought to find you here?
Come, to your father you must go.
Leander trod upon his toe,
And said with biting of his thumb,
That you saw me, no words but mum,

So put his hands to pocket twice,
And gave him two Cans for the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
Away she goes with this hedg-creeper.
He now devis'd what course to take,
Fearing that dough would be his Cake,
If it were known: So home he goes,
Passing the time in eating sloes.
His mind doth run on *Heroes* lap,
At fathers door he now doth rap:
Which Porter hearing turns the lock,
With brazil staff, and comely Frock,
Where we will leave him for a while,
And unto *Hero* turn our stile.
Fair *Hero* having past the spont,
She now was come into the Cont ———
tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt:
Her heart in passion 'gan to melt.
Into the Tower close she took,
And with her finger did unhook
The Casement, looking forth on stream:
The Star light gan on Flood to gleam:
For now brave *Titan* banisht was,
Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grass;
When Nightingales do sit and sing,
With prick 'gainst breast, and Fairyes ring:
Two hours fill'd hath been the gut;
Men now begin to go to Rut:
When man in Rug doth cry in night;
Look well to locks and fire light;
The time when *Thomas* with his team,
Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream:
When City gates are shut, not open:
And Dutchmen cry what all *A-stopen*.

Slow to from love.

Here the Author shews himself a Linguist.

About

About this time fair *Hero* ſtood,
Watching *Leander* in the flood.
She calls for ſmock, and puts off ſoul,
Waſhing her parts with ſope in bowl.
Her foot ſhe waſht, O pretty foot,
(But yet I am not come untoo't:)
Of knee ſhe waſht the comely pan,
And now I come untoo't anan;
Her thighs ſhe waſht with veins ſo blue,
Her Pode likewiſe of ſable hue:
Below the bottom of her belly,
Pode, or loves limedits. Did grow a toy of ſhape moſt felly:
Though enough to make a child afear'd,
Two corral lips with a black beard.
And as that beaſt that's kept for breed,
Lets fly her water when ſhe has need,
Which done, her funnel ſhe turns out and in,
Which was ſo like, as't the ſame had bin.
Here will we leave her nak'd as nail;
And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers houſe he went,
Much like a bird-bolt being ſent
From Brazil Bow and truſty ſtring,
With feathers of the gray gooſe wing.
He took him to a truſty rock,
And ſtript him to the ebon nock,
And being naked look't like *Mars*,
With purple ſcab upon his A———
The ſeam betwixt his Cod that went,
Seem'd like to *Cupid*'s bow unbent,
The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
Did hang much like a neſt of ſparrows.
But ſome may think this is a fable,
He was fring'd with hair from Nock to Navle.

Fego, saith he, so forth he goes,
The gravel got between his toes,
Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,
Still running with his hand on Cod.
O who hath seen a wanton Roe
Jump o're the fearn, indeed even so
The lively skip-jack mounts and falls,
And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.
Even with that word, with speedy motion,
He leaps into the foaming ocean,
Th' enamoured fishes about him flock,
Some play in arm-holes, some in nock:
Endymions love then shone outright;
He spy'd in *Hero*'s Tower a light:
And in the window looking out,
A lovely face, that seem'd to pout.
By this fair *Hero* might discern,
Leanders head, but not his stern,
That frisked underneath the waves:
And this is all fair *Hero* craves,
To see him safe within her bed,
Whom billows beat now on the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
He yerks out legs and lers arms slack:
* But then above the water floated,
The true loves lump, which *Hero* noted.
Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,
That could discern so far by night.
He was much troubled with a Shad,
That did pursue this lovely Lad.
The envious fish did so torment him,
As had't been I, I should have shent him;
And said, thou art a scabby fish,
To nibble at fair *Heroes* dish.

Fego is a word of courage, as we cry St. Georg.

* *Here you must note nothing can be bid from true love. Here the Author pitieth Leander.*

Hero did note how he was troubled:
The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled:
She looks ſtill forth, kneeling on mats;
Ioventus meets a ſhole of ſprats,
They him beſiege on every ſide,
Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.
Neptune the dreadful God of Seas,
On whom did never ſtick March-Fleas,
Taking in hand his good Eele ſpade,
Towards *Leander* ſtrait he made.
The Shad, and Shole of Sprats did fly,
At ſight of *Neptunes* angry eye.
The God then turn'd him upſide down,
And view'd his parts from head to crown:
He dally'd with his elfine locks,
And bears him up from ſhelf and rocks.
His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kiſt,
No part of Yonker *Neptune* miſt.
Now *Hero* of her love made doubt,
And wiſht him there in yellow clout.
His thigh ſo white he ſtill would feel,
Then he would kick with horn and heel.
Quoth *Neptune* then, O buxſome boy,
Nay of my courting ſeem not coy.
Doſt hear, live here my lovely Lad,
I le give the Cod, eat Dace and Shad;
I am as great a God as *Mammon*,
Thou ſhalt have Ling poor John and Sammon.
Being lecherous meat. And if thou ſayeſt thou wilt not blab,
Thou ſhalt have Lobſter, Brawn and Crab.
I tell thee I am no Curmudgeon,
Thou ſhalt have Rotcher, Whiting, Gudgeon.
Stockfiſh. The fiſh that is by Weavers eaten,
That muſt be firſt with beetle beaten.

Of

Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,
Thou ſhalt have green fiſh and their Gubbins;
I'le bring thee where thou ſhalt ſee Lig;
The luſty Oyſter, ſhrimp and Grig.
Quoth he, thou ſwimmeſt without force,
And calls a Dolphin, mount this horſe.
And when thy mind is ſomewhat laid,
Thou ſhalt arrive 'gainſt Tow'r of Maid.
For well I know thou'rt thither going,
For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing.
I am, quoth he, if thou bee'ſt wroth,
Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth:
And ſo away from him he flies;
And water ſtood in *Neptunes* eyes.
But he again, quarrel to pick,
Said, 'bide with me; quoth he, ne nick.
With that the God with ireful hand,
Caſt young *Leander* on the ſand:
Where we will leave him to ſay ſooth,
Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth.
The Watch of *Seſtos* Tower came down;
With Bill in hand, Murrion on Crown,
Rug gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
By two and two this ruſty band,
Did take their way unto the Plat,
Whereas *Leander* naked ſat.
Theſe Sons of night did ſtraight him ſpy,
Who's there, quoth one? quoth he, 'tis I.
'Tis I, quoth he, is that an anſwer?
It is, quoth he, wert thou my Granſire:
The wiſeſt of them then did ſcan,
And ſaid, ſure neighbours 'tis mere-man.
Nay ſaid another that's not ſo;
For this hath nails you ſee on Toe.

unkindneſs will force tears ſometime. He had the toothache.

And mere-maid hath no feet but fins,
And this hath legs you see and shins.
Quoth one, to Sea I will him hunt,
Speak if I shall; with that the Cunt——
——Stable thus spake, what words spake he?
I think, says one, some two or three;
Go then in peace, and strike him down,
Then forth steps one with bill so brown,
A sowr ey'd Knave lapt up in rug,
For manners like your Western Pug.
His name forsooth was cleiped *Wharton*,
He was e'n born at good *Hogs-Norton*:
This Dormouse without wit or skill,
Run at *Leander* with his bill.
Leander lying on his face,
Not his back, Dunce running his race,
His hinder parts bore somewhat high,
Now was he come *Leander* nigh,
He lifts up bill to cleave a Rock,
Bill fell from hands, Nose struck in nock.
Leander with a start did rise,
And breaks his Nose fast by his eyes.
Oh who hath seen an archer good.
Poking for arrow-head with wood;
So far'd this Clot-pole nose to find,
And grubbed till his eyes were blind:
But all in vain, the more he strove,
The further in his nose he drove;
For th' nose indeed it stuck so fast,
He was forc'd to leave it, and agast
He jogs from this unlucky place,
Much grieved at his noseless face.
His fellows he at last espies,
Who lifting up their gogling eyes,

This I commend as the best search long smile.

They

They hear a voice, and thus it cries,
My nose, my nose, my nose and eyes:
And spedily tow'rd them he hasted,
Without his nose, his face all blasted.
Away they ran for fear of foes,
Kib'd heels to save they ran on toes.
For hast we leave them running still,
And to *Leander* turn our quill.

Hero was all this while in dumps;
Now 'gins he to bestir his stumps.
Truth for to say, he now did smart,
He could not pull out nose by art.
Well to be short for fear of watch
He runs to Tower and pulls the latch.
Divinest *Hero* was in bed,
The door being ope, he in doth tread:
Yet that no soul should hear him travel,
From feet he wipes the stony gravel:
So goes me on nearer and nearer,
And with one eye did underpeer her.
Night being warm, the cloaths were off,
Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:
Leander thought it was no matter,
Though teeth within his head did chatter.
One hand he put upon her toe;
the other upon her buggle-boe,
Quoth he thus softly, *Hero*, *Hero*;
Away quoth she, and come not near, oh.
Yet thus she said when she was waked,
Fye upon pride when men go naked.
A glimering taper stood by bed;
Which in and out did put his head:
And by that light she did him know,
Standing like image of Rye-dough.

The well hung youth then ſpake this word,
Quoth he I muſt lay knife aboard,
I've ſwum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
Brine waves have beat both neck and chin.

Leander *in her Haven caſts Anchor.*

He rides ſecure in *Heroes* rode,
Now he begins to lay on load.
I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
Now *Hero* feels his twitle-cum-twats.
Alas poor ſoul ſhe did not ſtrive;
Leander at her rump let drive.
He now forgot as I ſuppoſe,
That in his hobler there was noſe.
I'm come, ſaid he, from ſide of ſhore,
Where lowſie begger ſat of yore.
And now the beggar makes me ſing
The love of the *Camphetuan* King:

Leander's *tale.*

On this green bank he firſt did ſpy,
One ſunny day the beggar lye,
Diſplaying to fair *Phœbus* fire,
The Marigold of Loves deſire.
To Marigold I it compare,
'Cauſe 'twas the colour of her hair,
Which ſtill to *Titan* was diſplay'd.
In window King ſtands rich array'd,
And ſpies by chance a beggar lye,
Back to the ground, face to the Sky.
Then like the *Snake* ſhe caſt her *skin*,
Whoſe amel'd body tumbled in

Her

Her mothers lap in apron green,
And covered that is was not ſeen:
Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
All down her ſhoulders, and among
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,
Like hoared froſts ſhining by night.
When *Phœbe* and her ſilver train,
The Yard, *Orion*, and *Charles* Wain
Look down upon the ſpires of graſs;
So ſprinkled was the head of Laſs.
She wreath'd her body on one ſide,
Her legs a mole hill did divide,
Cawphetua's mouth did water ſhed,
Fancies and toys were in his head.
Under her arm did *Cupid* lye,
And ſhot *Cawphetua* in the eye,
Who cloſely ſtood in window peeping
Whilſt beggar poor on bank lay ſleeping.
He took his love ere ſhe did riſe,
And ſung this note with tears in eyes.

It might have been any mans caſe.

Oh King, what art thou but a bubble
That ſwims in ſtream ſo ſwift;
Thy joy ſoon turns to grief and trouble,
Much like a boat adrift,
That ſevered is from poop of Ship,
That wanders in the Ocean.
The beggar turned up her hip;
Then lay ſtill without motion.

He takes me his proſpective glaſs.

My paſſion ſhall appear in print,
Make ready preſs good Hedger,

Say that Cawphetua *saw a dint;*
And fell in love with beggar.

Ah me poor King! I'm now a captive made
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
What shall I say in this? what shall I do?
Shall I love her to foot hath ne're a shooe?
I am a King, my state in state is mighty,
Shall I love her who hath sold Aqua Vitæ?
My rich blood boils at this so sweet espial,
Even like a Boar, so chafes my Collop Royal.
He calls for Page, and him for water sends;
This way and that he the proud Grissel bends;
The reason why his bobber stood so stiff,
Uncovered lay the silly beggars cliff.
As he was standing his full view to take,
He spi'd her stretch, and stretching 'gan to wake:
Being big with *Thomas*, she held up one leg,
And like the Ant, on mole-hill laid her egg.
Then did she rise with such a rude behaviour,
That Royal nose took winding of that savour;
Which made him say, behold I come to win thee,
Now I perceive that thou hast something in thee.
Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purse of Gold.

The end of the passion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, grass and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a crutch did cry, God save his grace.
The honest King bad all forsake the place.

Which

Which when the Lords and all the reſt were gone,
Quoth he, ſpeak beggar, and ſpeak words but one.

Wilt thou forſake thy beggars life,
And leave off wearing parches?
Thou ſhalt no more wear firing in knife,
He throws, the beggar catches:
Dear take this purſe: nay be not coy:
The ſimple mute doth ſtand,
Quoth ſhe, my Liege, *Pardon a moy*,
So fell on knee and hand.
Thou ſhalt, quoth he, I do not mock,
If thou wilt take my offer,
Have ſtocking, ſhoo's, and Holland ſmock,
Eke gold to put in coffer.
Thy rooms they ſhall be hung with arras,
Head ſtuck with ſilver pins:
Thou ſhalt no more ſell Roſa-ſolis,
Nor buy the Coney-ſkins.
But firſt reſolve me truly this,
Hath any tag or rag
Put probe into thy Orifice,
Or water'd thy black nag?
No, doughty Liege, I'le tell you true,
Though poor I have been chaſt;
No man did ever here embrue,
Pointing beneath her waſt.
With that he took her by the hand,
Which was by *Phœbus* parcht;
Quoth he ariſe, ariſe and ſtand:
To lodg of King they marcht.
Which when they came in room call'd private,
None but themſelves alone,
At lowſie beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas dark, her name was *Joan*.
Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he;
So lays her down on back;
And with his finger he doth not linger,
But pulls me out his tack.
His Taſſel gentle he did put
Into her homely Mew,
His Rounſifal into her Cob-nut,
In bladder were Beans blue.
He laid her head againſt a ſtoop,
She knew well his pretence:
He taught the beggar her lyripoop,
And paid her odd five pence.
He uſed art with both his thumbs,
Quoth ſhe, dread Lord, no more;
His Corral tickled her tooth-gums,
Yet open ſtood the door:
With finger wet came in a Lord,
Who heard a noyſe in houſe;
Says beggar now, dread Lord, no word,
But peace and catch a mouſe.
The Noble ſpy'd them very ſoon,
And fell low on his knee,
He ſaw the King in his hony-moon,
And all to be ſhitten was he.
Quoth Baron bold, *Cawphetua* then,
Your grace may have down pallat:
Now he regards not Nobleman,
But to't he goes ding-waller.
Her Hockly-hole Kings ſhould abhor,
Being man was in that place;
He puts in Glaſting-uri-core
Before the young mans face:
Well, Nobleman at laſt 'gan call,

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Quoth

Quoth King to Lord, go down,
And bring me here a Camphire ball,
I'le waſh from head to Crown.
And as you go give order ſtreight,
Unto the Cook for ſupper;
(Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)
Bring brimſtone and ſweet butter.
Go get thee gone, and bring with ſpeed
Thoſe things I have appointed:
Of Robes bring ſtore, truth is indeed,
I'le have my King anointed.

Quoth *Hero*, What became of *Tore*,
Says he, *Omnia vincit amor.*
He was o'recome and glad to fly,
To place where muffled he doth ly.
Leander now made end of tale,
Without ſhirt lining, or ſhirt male:
Indeed his tale was well compact,
For every word he made an act.
Her legs were ty'd in true loves knot,
On top of back full well I wot:
Poor ſoul ſhe lay like cheek of Ox
Stew'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.
The lark now ſings with cheerful note,
And morn was come as grey as groat:
O day, quoth ſhe, to love moſt cruel!
Hero had meſs of water gruel,
Which ſtood by bed before provided,
And hand of *Hero* ſtreight is guided
To mouth of Puny to make ſtrong,
The knot of loves white-leather thong:
Then up he flings, and with a ſtart,
Quoth naked man, I muſt depart:

First, 'twixt her Pillars, truth to say,
Leander wrote, *ne ultra*.
No sooner he from bed did jump,
Out flew the nose with such a thump,
That *Heroes* Father in next room,
Did leave his bed and in did come.
Leander hears the man of age,
Who call'd for sword unto his page;
He seeing him come, with much amazement,
He runs, and creeps out at the casement:
His *Calla-when-pin-cough*, indeed,
Was much endangered by his speed;
For hook of window got it fast,
And held him there till all agast
Fair *Hero* rose and went unto him,
And with her finger did undo him.
He down does fall without a word:
At window struck old man with sword.
Who seeing on floor there ly a nose,
Quoth he, I've paid him I suppose.
This was the time when Fryars gray
Did ring to Mattins break of day:
When Poets good do wake to plot,
And drunkard leaves his cloak for shot;
When Carriers put on shooes and hose,
And Maids do empty stools call'd close:
That was the time when *Leander* fell
From forth of window, truth to tell.
He had forsook his divine Pillows,
To fall among the raging billows.
Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
For the disgrace he lately had;
This is the truth I need not blab;
Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:

And made the Proverb, ſure 'twas ſo,
That love muſt creep where't cannot go,
And becauſe his dwelling was *Abidos*,
He was doom'd ever to creep ſide-ways.
Poor *Heroes* ſorrow now redoubles,
He left her in a peck of troubles:
A ſenſeleſs man came to the Tow'r,
One ſenſe he wants having but four.
Now ſmell my meaning if you can,
With him came *Roger*, *Thomas*, *John*;
And all the reſt of *Mars* his crue,
Whoſe eyes were black, ſome gray, none blue.
This ſheepſhead rabble comes and knocks,
As they would break ope all the locks,
Fair *Heroes* Father in a rigor,
Hearing that noiſe runs down like Tyger.
Quoth he, who's there? what, are you drunk?
And ſtill the more they ſtir'd they ſtunk:
The watch, ſays one, open the Gate,
The watch ſays he? having a ſhrewd pate.
He opes the door, and ſtandeth ſtill,
And ſpake theſe words, What is your will?
Our will, quoth they, what call you that?
And ſpi'd the noſe pin'd in his hat,
Which when they all of them eſpied,
This, this is he, ſtrike down they cri'd.
Then round about they him inviron,
And up they lift their ruſty iron.
He brake away, and had them chace,
And after they did run apace:
And ran direct as I ſuppoſe,
For ſtill the man did follow his noſe:
He followed cloſe with his deſect,
And ſtill his noſe was his proſpect.

The fourth part of a buſhe

Oh,

Oh, had they catcht him then among,
All their bills at him they had dung.
But note the pity of the Gods
Extended to these Hodmandods,
And first for him that lost his nose,
(The truth to you I will disclose;)
Because his face did seem to scowle,
The Gods transform'd him to an Owl;
And 'cause this was i'th' dead of night,
They doom'd him never by day light
To shew his being; so God *Pan*
Made the first Owl of a Watchman;
And when he thought to cry, My Nose;
Te wit, te hoo he shreekt; and up he rose,
And being compelled by the angry God,
He clapt his wings and flew to *Tod*.
Yet the Gods fury was not done,
They were transform'd each mothers son.
Says one, Ye Gods, is it your will?
And spake no more, his mouth turn'd bill:
And 'cause the Owl he should not mock,
The Gods made him the first Wood-cock:
He wears the form of a Watchman still,
And will for aye, witness his bill.
One Watchman he did stay behind,
And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:
The last was thinking how to run,
Saying a fair thred they have spun:
Because he said these words in spight,
He liv'd and dy'd a bird of night:
His ill luck sure I must not smother,
He did watch that night for another;
And for because his shape was ill,
He never flies but in the twill ——

In

In memory of this mischance,
The Record you may see in *France*,
Upon each door where they must watch,
In chalk they set on door or hatch
The very form of a birds foot:
In *England* they come nearer to't,
For the three claws you plainly see,
That is for every claw a penny.
But now to old man in a trance,
We must proceed to his mischance:
And to his grief, and much misprision,
We'll tell what hapned in this vision:
There came to him, as 'twere in sight,
A lovely *Lady*, but no Knight.
The Lady seem'd for Lover lost,
To be on bed of Nettle tost;
Of Nettle; worse! for to the quick,
She often had indur'd the prick
Without complaining, and poor ape,
To her it seem'd but as a Jape.
As Poet witty well could say,
A sport, a merriment, a play.
But she poor Lady almost frantick,
As you may see in arras antick;
With hair dishev'l'd romes about,
Vowing to find *Leander* out,
And get him in where no base patch
With painted staff, no rugged watch,
No nor her Father with head hoary,
Should come to interrupt the story:
That is, she meant for her delight,
Leander in her book should write.
And blame her not to rave with randing,
For she had lost her understanding;

Which

Which ſtanding ſtifly to her, might have put
Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
But I too far digreſs, this fearful fight,
The aged father from his wits did fright,
Or them from him, I know not whether;
But ſure I am they went not both together.

A mad old man he was, and ſo he dy'd.
Fair *Hero* like the wench that cry'd,
Till ſhe was turned to a ſtone,
For her *Leander* made her moan.
But when ſhe heard, poor ſilly drab,
That he was turn'd into a crab:
She then fell down as flat as Flownder,
Her flood-gates op't, and her own water drown'd

(her

The EPITAPH.

They both were drown'd, whil'ſt Love and Fate contended;
And thus they both pure fleſh, like pure fiſh ended.

THE

THE MOCK
ROMANCE.

Dwarf,

FLy from the forest Squire: fly trusty spark:
I fear like Child, whom Maid hath left in dark.

Squire,

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pin:
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Lambkin Knight, and shall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,
When Giant vile calls Knight a sneaking elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
The Gyant stood on shore of Sea to fish:
For angling Rod, he took a sturdy Oak,
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke:
His hook was such, as heads the end of pole,
To pluck down house e're fire consumes it whole:
His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
And then on Rock he stood to bob for Whale:
Which straight he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back.
So homeward bent, his eye too rude and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedge a sunning.
That Medicum of meat he down did lay,
(For it was all he eat on fasting day.)

Then

They come in's rage, he ſpurns up huge tree roots,
Now ſtick to Lady Knight, and on with boots,

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damſel.

Gyant,

Bold recreant wight! what fate did hither call thee
To tempt his ſtrength that has ſuch power to mall
How durſt thy puling damſel hither wander? (thee?
What was the talk you by yond hedge did maunder?

Damſel,

Patience ſweet man of might; alas heaven knows,
We only hither came to gather ſlows,
And bullies two or three; for truth to tell ye,
I've long'd ſix weeks, with them to fill my belly.
I'fecks, if you'l believ't, nought elſe was meant ſure
By this our jaunt, which Errants call adventure.

Gyant,

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is
So bold to ſteal my ſlows, and pick my bullies?

Knight,

Fear not, let him ſtorm on, and ſtill grow rougher,
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by ſnuffer,
Canſt ne'r endure a blemiſh or eclipſe,
From ſuch a hook-nos'd, foul mouth'd blobber lips,
E're he ſhall boaſt he us'd thee thus to his people,
I'le ſee him firſt hang'd high as any ſteeple.

Gyant,

If I but upward heave my oaken twig,
I'le teach thee play the Tomboy, hen the Rig,
Within my Foreſt bounds; what doth ſhe ail,
But ſhe may ſerve as Cook to dreſs my Whale?
In this her damſels tire, and robe of Sarſnet,
She ſhall ſouſe here, fry tripes, and wild hogs harſnet.

Knight,

Knight,
Monster vile, thou mighty ill-bred lubber,
Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber?
Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confess her)
With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at dresser?
Shall she that is of soft and pliant mettle,
(Whose fingers silk would gaul) now scowr a Kettle?
Though not to scuffle given, now I'll thwart thee,
Let *Blowze* thy daughter serve for shillings forty,
'Tis meeter (I think) such ugly Baggages
Should in a Kitchin drudge for yearly wages,
Than gentle she, who hath been bred to stand
Ne're chair of Queen, with Island shock in hand.
At questions and commands all night to play,
And Amber posset eat at break of day;
Or score out Husbands in the charcoal ashes,
With Countrey Knights (not roaring City Swashes)
Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far,
To play on Virginals and the Gittar,
Than stir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Cauldron,
When thou art to break thy fast on a Bulls chaldron.

Gyant,
Then I perceive I must lift up my pole,
And deal your Love-rich noddle such a dole,
That every blow shall make so huge a clatter,
Men ten leagues off shall ask Ha! what's the matter?

Damsel,
Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able,
And want of breeding makes the proud to squable;
Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,
Though (alas!) thy mother was a sturdy Quean:
Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
But keep thy blustring breath to cool thy broth.

Knight,
Whine not my love, his fury ſtreight will waſte him,
Stand off a while, and ſee how I'le lambaſt him.
Squire,
Now look to't Knight, this ſuch a deſp'rate blade is,
In *Gaule* he ſwing'd the valiant Sir *Amadis*.
Dwarf,
With bow now *Cupid* ſhoot this Son of Punk,
With Croſs-bow elſe or Pellet out of Trunk!
Gyant,
I'le ſtrike thee till thou ſink where the abode is
Of wights that ſneak below, call'd *Antipodes*.
Enter Merlyn,
My art ſhall turn this combat to delight,
They ſhall unto fantaſtick muſick fight.

SOme Chriſtian people all give ear
Unto the grief of us:
Caus'd by the death of three children dear
The which it happed thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to *Saw* chips his ſharp Ax lent,
Wo worth the time may *Lon* ——— ———

May *London* ſay, wo worth the Carpenter,
And all ſuch *Block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jeſting with edg tools.

For into the chips there fell a ſpark,

Which

Which *put out* in ſuch flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lies beyond the *Thames*.

For *Loe* the bridge was wondrous *high*
With water underneath,
O're which as many *fiſhes* fly,
As *Birds* therein do breath.

And yet the fire conſum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of Landing,
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not with *ſtanding*.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter diſhes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyl'd* and *roaſted* Fiſhes.

And that the bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was ſumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my ſong,
Pray liſt to what comes after;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
I'le *warm* you with the *water*.

I'le tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where theſe children did ſlide-a;
It was fair *London* ſwifteſt *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

All on the tenth of *January*,
To the wonder of much people:
'Twas frozen o're; that well 'twould bear
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great wager makes:
But when he saw he could not win,
He sigh't and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drownd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*——
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon a London.

Oh! tut tut turn from thy sinful race,
Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drownd, *a lack, a lack*,
The water run down their throats,
And stopt their breaths three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats.

Ye

Ye Parents all that *Children have*,
And ye that have none yet;
Preſerve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to ſit.

For had theſe at a Sermon been,
Or elſe upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been ſeen,
If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as Huntſman tyes his dogs,
For fear they ſhould go from him,
So ty your children with ſeverities clogs,
Unty'm, *and you'l* undo'm.

God bleſs our noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bleſs all th' *Commons* of this Land,
And God bleſs ſome *o'th'* Peers.

The Pig.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the fight
'Twixt 'Bayliffs and that doughty Knight
Sir *Ambroſe*, ſung before:
Nor of that diſmal Counter-ſcuffle,
Nor yet of that Pantoffle
They ſay the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cocks with Pigmies fray,
Or whether then did get the day,

Nor yet *Tom Coryats* ſhoes ;
Nor yet the ſwineface'd Maidens head,
Ith' *Netherlands* they ſay was bred,
Is ſubject of my Muſe.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggrel I ſhall tell,
What danger to a Pig befel,
As I can well rehearſe;
As true as if the Pig could ſpeak
On ſpit, in proſe would either ſqueak,
Or grunt it out in verſe.

(4)

A boyſtrous rout of armed Hoſt
Juſt as the Pig was ready roſt,
Ruſht in at doors, (God b'leſs us !)
The leader of this warlike rout,
Strong men at arms, and ſtomach ſtout,
I ween was Captain *Beſſus*.

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they ſuch ſtore of Sows had ſeen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies :
And *Beſſus* men near *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to Abbies.

(6)

It was a tithe Pig I confeſs,
And ſo the crime might be no leſs,
Than if't a Caſſock wore;
But yet in Orders it was ne'r,
Nor ever preacht, unleſs it were
Ith' tub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it popiſhly inclin'd,

Although

Although by Foreſt Law their kind
are taught to uſe the Ring:
What though it wore a Scarlet Coat,
It ne'r appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,
For her fine baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, ſuch dainty Cates
Were ne'r ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th' earth is theirs;
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritance, and muſt inſlave
Malignants and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on; they cry aloud,
This Pigs of antichriſtian brood,
You'l find we are no daſtards;
Their teeth ſo ſharp, their ſtomachs keen,
That *Marriots* you would them ween,
Or *Wood* of *Kent*'s own Baſtards.

(10)

But now to tell how from the paws
Of th' unlickt whelps with greedy Jaws
This Pig eſcap'd, hereafter;
As then our bellies 'gan to prank it
(Thanks to *Beſſe* for that good Banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter,

(11)

A ſturdy Laſs with courage bold,
On Pig, and Spit, and all, laid hold,
And ſwore ſhe would it reſcue;
For whether they their teeth did ſet,
For anger, or for hunger whet,
She weigh'd not that a feſcue.

(12)

This brave encounter had you ſeen,
You would have ſworn ſhe would be Queen
Of the Amazons, or Fayries;
And if ſhe make good the retreat,
Her ſole Protectreſs wee'l create
Of Milk-maids and their dayries.

(13)

Up ſtairs ſhe marcheth in a trice,
And ſafely convey'd is the Greice
Into my Ladies chamber;
Such holy ground's not trod by thoſe,
Whoſe armpits, and whoſe ſockleſs toes
Are not ſo ſweet as amber.

(14)

The Jews ne'r eat their Paſcal Lamb,
In half ſuch haſt as we did cram
This Pig unto our dinners;
Like Preſbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to ſinners.

(15)

And when the ſtory of the Pig
Was done, the petitoes a Jig
Came tripping in at ſupper;
'Twas meat and drink to us to ſee
The ſouldiers by the jade to be
Thus thruſt beſide the crupper.

ON DOCTOR GILL. Master of PAUL'S SCHOOL.

IN *Paul*'s Church-yard in *London*,
There dwells a noble Ferker,
Take heed you that paſs,
Leſt you taſt of his Laſh;
Still doth he cry,
Take him up,
Take him up, Sir,
Untruſs with expedition.
O the Burchen tool,
Which he winds ith' School,
Frights worſe than an inquiſition.
If that you chance to paſs there,
As doth the man of blacking,
He inſults like a puttock,
O're the prey of the buttock;
With a whipt Arſe ſends him packing.
Still doth, &c.
For when this well truſs'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter,
With his Napkin at his noſe,
And his Orenge ſtuft with Cloves,
On any Arſe he'l venter.
Stil doth, &c.
A French man void of *Engliſh*,
Enquiring for *Pauls* ſteeple,
His pardonne moy,
He counted a toy,
For he whipt him before all people,
Still doth, &c.

A Welchman once was whipt there,
Until he did beſhit him,
His Cuds pluttera Nail
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-brittain.
Still doth, &c.
A Captain of the Train'd-band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius wallis*,
He whipt him ſo ſore
Both behind and before,
He notcht his Arſe like *Tallits*.
Still doth, &c.
For a piece of Beef and Turnip
Neglected with a Cabbage,
He took up the Male Pillion
Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
And ſowc't her like a baggage.
Still doth, &c.
A Porter came in rudely,
And diſturb'd the humming Concord:
He took up his Frock,
And paid his nock,
And ſawc'd him with his own Cord.
Still doth he cry, &c.

GILL upon GILL,

Or

Gills *Arſe uncas'd, unſtript, unbound.*

SIR, did you me this Epiſtle ſend,
Which is ſo vile and lewdly pen'd:
In which no line I can eſpy
Of ſenſe or true Orthography?

So

So slovenly it goes,
In Verse and prose,
For which I must pull down your hose.
O good Sir then cry'd he,
In private let it be,
And do not sawce me openly.
Yes Sir, I'le sawce you openly,
Before *Sound* and the Company;
And that none at thee may take heart,
Though thou art a Batchelour of Art,
Though thou hast paid thy Fees
For thy degrees:
Yet I will make thy Arse to sneer;
And now I do begin
To thresh it on thy skin,
For now my hand is in, is In.
First for the *Theams* which thou me sent,
Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent;
And for that barbarous piece of Greek,
For which in *Gartheus* thou didst seek,
And for thy faults not few,
In tongue *Hebrew*:
For which a Grove of Birch is due;
Therefore me not beseech
To pardon now thy breech:
For I le be thy Arse Leech, Arse Leech.
Next for the offence that thou didst give,
When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,
And hadst thy Arse in *Wadham* Coll. *mult*,
For bidding sing, * *Quicunque vult.*

* When he was Clark of Wadham, and being by his place to begin a Psalm, he flung out of Church, bidding the people sing to the praise and glory of God, Quicunque vult

So

And

And for thy † Blanketting,
And many such a thing,
For which thy name in Town doth ring.
And none deserves so ill,
To hear as bad as *Gill*,
Thy name it is a Proverb still.
Thou vented hast such rascal Geer,
Next thou a Preacher were
For which the French men all cry'd fie,
To hear such pulpit Ribauldry,
And sorry were to see,
So worthy a degree,
So ill to be bestow'd on thee;
But glad am I to say
The Masters made thee stay,
Till thou in *Quarto* didst them pray.
But now remains the vilest thing,
The Alehouse barking 'gainst the KING,
And all his brave and noble Peers,
For which thou ventredst for thy ears,
And if thou hadst thy right,
Cut of they had been quite,
And thou hadst been a Rogue in sight:
But though thou mercy find,
Yet I'le not be so kind,
But I'le jerk thee behind, behind.

FINIS.